

SPY

APRIL 1997

Get Single

*How Celebrities
Dump Their Lovers
(and how it can work for you!)*

*Special Report:
"I was adopted by lesbians!"*

DREW BARRYMORE
MAKES CUPID LOOK
STUPID

*Wearing Clothes:
Master the Discipline*

*The Two Stinkiest Men
in Publishing*

*Who They Are and
Why They Suck*





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Features

The SPY Book of Love

Are you "in love"? Has some fluffy-haired receptionist or beefy barkeep conned you into years of unproductive canoodling? Well, forget that! Staying single has never been more important than it is now, here in the go-go, yo-yo nineties. **Bruno Maddox** swoops to the rescue with SPY's A-Z, predictably celebrity-driven guide to the perfect exit strategy. **32**

Fashion SPY

After decades of assuming most of our readers to be nudists (handwriting analysis being still in its infancy), SPY suddenly wakes up and, smelling the coffee, instructs you on your clothing. **42**

The Two Biggest Assholes in Publishing

The magazine industry used to be full of dapper David Brinkley types going about their business with decorum and manly sensitivity. And then along came two guys who thought they were geniuses for breaking all the rules. **Bagher Hossein** gets grossed out by the deluded macho world of Hachette-Fillipachi's David Pecker and Condé Nast's Ron Galotti. **50**

Bova has Two Mommies

Why all the fuss about lesbian couples raising children? What could be sexier! In a heartwarming parable of tolerance, renewal, and that particular texture of male body hair that they use in coal mines to eat through rock, SPY's radioactive everyman **Dan Bova** finds himself a billet within the old Etheridge militia. **56**

Welcome—or *wilkommen*—to our firearms issue. You will find few articles about guns in these pages.

Only a black steel, hot-lead, fully self-reloading sensibility, contracted by the laws of physics to gutter through the soft tissues of the status quo, splinter the bone of ugliness, and fatally come to rest in the gland of ignorance.

Geneva Convention be darned; there are guns in our pockets *and* we're pleased to see you.

Columns

Komputer Korner

Visionaries from Bill Clinton to that Newt Gingrich person have been talking about the Internet for years, without acknowledging how much the online community concerns itself with the business of human excretion. **John Bernard** takes a careful poke at the "log" in "logging on." **30**

Golden Globe

Sure, a country where all anyone does is take drugs may *sound* idyllic, but such behavior is hardly a recipe for economic-superpower status, now is it? **Ian Williams** takes a look at the African nation of Djibouti, one of the few countries in the world whose appetite for chewable narcotics approaches that of this magazine's staff. **66**

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Come fly with us! Together, we will climb away from this sad world, lifted on thermals of satire, up and away from the deadlines and the traffic, the itchiness and the minefields, leaving below us the razors and the checkbooks, the bullies and the faceless nuns, and the contemplative men with fake wings.

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The SPY Calendar Girl

Ask her for a "date" and she'll probably stab you in the face with her concealed aluminum spike. 14

Naked City

The robe of excess, the palace of aspirin; Incarceration makes strange, and somewhat revolting, bedfellows; Celebrities itemize their superbness at length; Cubicle decorations for the psychopathically lazy; Separated at Birth; Ann Landers takes it in the face from pumped-up readers 'til she's spitting teeth; SPY investigates the street value of self-knowledge—and tabulates the results; Fashion tips for those too tired to live; The *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* pipe-bomb massacres...both of them; and Sarah Ferguson, Yuckstress of Dork! 14

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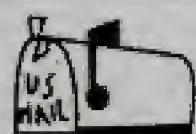
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From the SPY Mailroom

GIMME, GIMME, GIMME (a man after midnight) sang ABBA some twenty years ago. Until the recent holiday season, we mailroomers had hoped that that greedy, demanding spirit was dead—or at least holed up with Agnetha Falzskog in some drafty chalet outside Uppsala. But the usually festive Xmas mail left us dissatisfied. The closest thing to a gift came from “Merle and Kelly,” from “somewhere in the western half of the U.S.A.,” who sent us a completely dead Sony rechargeable battery. And that, *friends*, is where your “generosity” ended. This year, cookies and cards gave way to endless brattish demands. Christina S. from Virginia demanded that future issues of SPY be filled with “semi-nude hunks,” warning that “pictures of John-John and Dan Bova’s Superfly get-up definitely do NOT count.” You just can’t please some people; people, in fact, like Jay S. from Philadelphia, who demanded we remove the subscription cards from his issues. “At least if they were soft they’d have a use!” That’s a lesson, Jay, that most of us down here were forced to learn the hard way, as it were. Then there’s Matthew B. from Pennsylvania, who demanded that SPY “leave the business” altogether. Seems that the boys upstairs in editorial have stolen all of his ideas and “perverted everything into Nazi Propaganda.” We always wondered how Matthew’s “My Summer Vacation” ended up as “Mein Summer Kampf.” Finally, there was Brian P., who demanded, “What the hell does ‘melanomic’ mean?” What it means, Brian, is that you have the approximate vocabulary of a young child whose only exposure to the English language has been a brief stint as Monica Seles’s personal ball boy. Happy new year.

One Hundred Inane Damnations

Panning by Numbers

Though my history studies have been primarily focused on China, I seem to recall that Prince Edward *was* in fact a mincing queen [SPY 100 Line-Up, Holiday Issue]. If I remember correctly, it was Edward, rather than his boyfriend, who was murdered by his father in the real-life drama, and the Prince died as a result of being “run through” with a glowing fireplace poker, if you know what I mean.

J. Pierson
Eugene, OR

You know, you guys make me laugh! In the Holiday Issue, Robert De Niro was on the list of “The Worst People, Places, and Things of 1996.” You also said that he was a burnt-out thespian doing the same old shtick in movies. I smell ENVY!! Honestly, this is ridiculous! If it wasn’t for his so-called “same old shtick,” he wouldn’t have won two Academy Awards, along with two more nominations. Anyway, he is one of the hardest and most talented actors I’ve ever seen. I just wish your jealous reporter would respect people’s achievements in life. Get a life! I would like to know who wrote that nasty article about Mr. De Niro.

Joseph Rodriguez
Garland, TX

That’s not ENVY, you smell; that’s OBSESSION. We agree, though, that De Niro is one of the “hardest” actors around. Check him out as the gardener-sans-trousers in the underground classic Cape Fear.

In addition to the 1996 Holiday Issue’s SPY 100 regarding aspiring-flash-in-the-pan-Brit-GenX-rockers Oasis (#7): Mitigrating Factor: Liam Gallagher still sports the hugest uni-brow ever.

Eric P. Lachance
Palm Beach Gardens, FL

It is amusing and ironic that Jane Austen’s writing is described as “over-mannered drivel” [Spy 100 Line-Up]. *Pride and Prejudice* was, in fact, written by the daughter of a clergyman who wrote within her restricted experience of human graces and foibles. By definition then, it is both polite and childish. Your writer displays pedantic hubris and one hopes that he collects no royalties.

Dana Tecla Nelson
Phoenix, AZ

Prude and Prejudice

I have greatly enjoyed your magazine for a year now, but I’ve noticed that you have taken a new outlook on the design of your covers. I find the *Hustler*-type covers extremely offensive. Why do you find a need to follow the rest of the people out there who take sex and use it to sell items? Had I known this would be the norm, I would not have subscribed.

A Concerned Reader
via the Internet

For your information, this magazine has never been, nor ever will be, an “item.”

Loser alert! Bruno Maddox is a complete loser....Who is he to say that Ringo Starr, Björk, and Yoko Ono are embarrassing? I think they are very talented. Bruno Maddox is arrogant and self-centered to write something like that.

Jimmy Argue
Calgary, Alberta

Can someone explain how Canadians get access to “loser alert!” technology before those of us in the developed world?

Send correspondence to: Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, NYC 10010 (E-mail: SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include a daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Spot the Closet Italian!

Frank Tartaglia

Frank Tartaglia ("Consumer Unendurables," p. 24) doesn't call himself the King of Public Access for nothing. He produced Philadelphia's *Freaktown* and followed it with *SquirtTV*, a Manhattan-based show that was snapped up by MTV. Tiring of the beautiful people, however, Frank teamed up with SPY's own Jonathan Yevin to create a new sketch/prank comedy show involving "apocalyptic and millennium tension, paranoia, and/or hysteria" called *Payback Time* on Manhattan's channel 17, Sundays at 8:30 P.M.—right between *Nipple Talk* and *Living with Eczema*.



Stephen Robinson

He wears it well, but fifth-year intern Stephen "Happy" Robinson ("The Shades of Exhaustion," p. 25) actually suffers from chronic fatigue syndrome himself. "Sometimes I barely have the energy to get up in time to watch *Rosie*," he laments. "So I've moved the TV in front of my bed." Robinson's time at SPY has steered him closer to a cure, though. "Vodka martinis," he sighs. "They're like ambrosia." When not boozing his way through the office, the University

of Georgia graduate pays the bills by selling overpriced magnets and stickers to acquisitive Japanese tourists at *Victor/Victoria*.

Maribeth Bruno

Roving self-flagellation watchdog Maribeth Bruno ("Sad-Old-Lady Masochism," p. 22) writes to us from behind a very sexy desk at Playboy International in Chicago. Recently she has trained her eye on crusty 1950s oracle Ann Landers, feeling deeply disturbed by her repeated requests for "40 lashes with a wet noodle" in return for bad advice. "Being Italian, I too have a horror of over-



Pasquale DiFulco

If anyone asks you about Pasquale DiFulco ("Fate's Fickle Pipe Bomb," p. 26), just keep your mouth shut. Not to perpetuate any ancient stereotypes here, but the man is pure Sicilian and his father was raised in Corleone. That's right, Corleone—as in *Don Corleone*. The guy writes about pipe bombs for Pete's sake, so use your discretion. If anybody asks, all you know is he's a feature writer for the (*Bridgewater*) *Courier-News* in New Jersey. Say anything more and some fat stranger with a hat'll wind up smooching you on the mouth Al-Pacino-I-Know-It-Was-You-Fredo-Kiss-of-Death-style at your little cousin Anthony's confirmation party.



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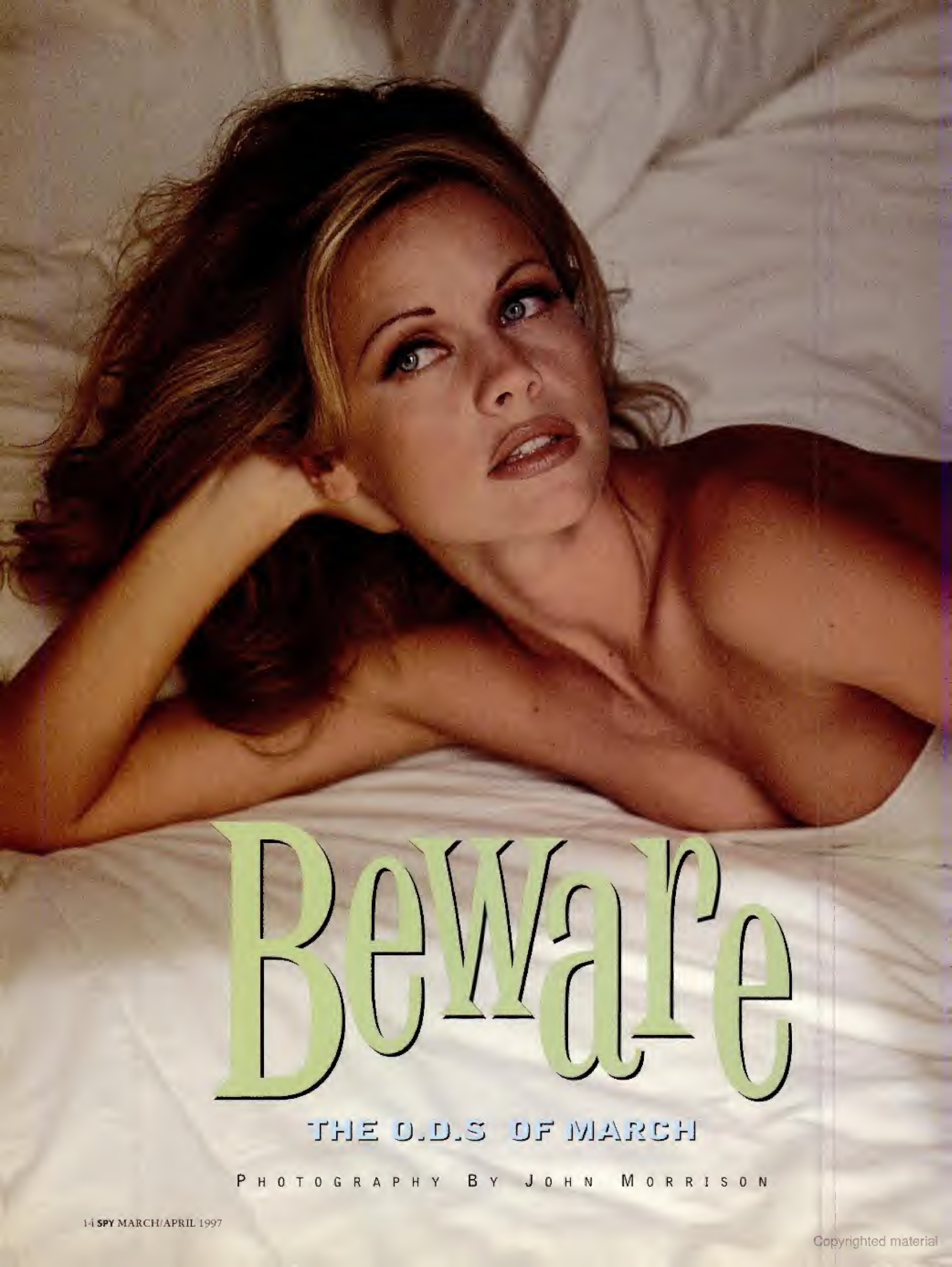
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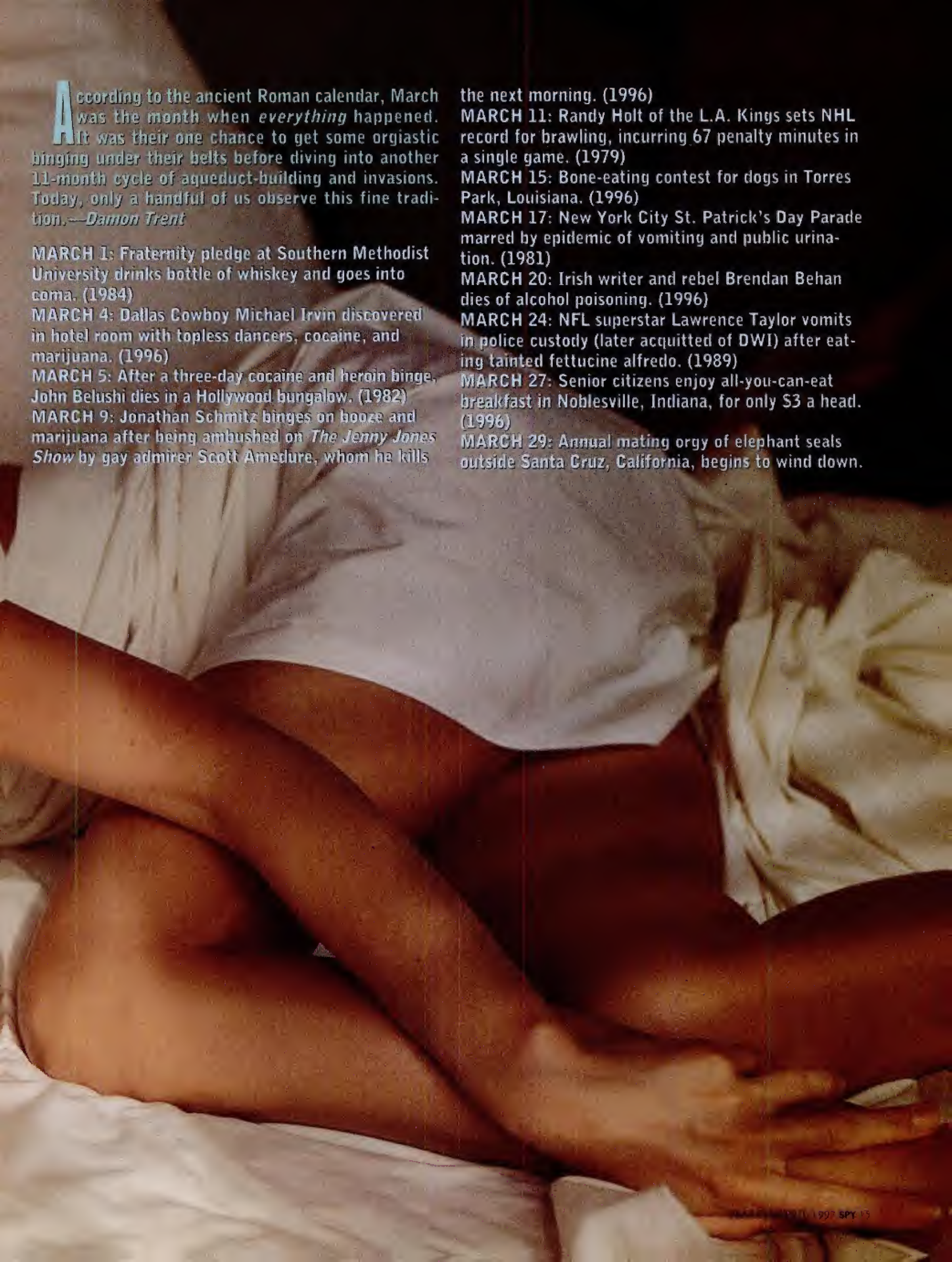
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THE O.L.D.S OF MARCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN MORRISON



According to the ancient Roman calendar, March was the month when *everything* happened. It was their one chance to get some orgiastic binging under their belts before diving into another 11-month cycle of aqueduct-building and invasions. Today, only a handful of us observe this fine tradition.—*Damon Trent*

MARCH 1: Fraternity pledge at Southern Methodist University drinks bottle of whiskey and goes into coma. (1984)

MARCH 4: Dallas Cowboy Michael Irvin discovered in hotel room with topless dancers, cocaine, and marijuana. (1996)

MARCH 5: After a three-day cocaine and heroin binge, John Belushi dies in a Hollywood bungalow. (1982)

MARCH 9: Jonathan Schmitz binges on booze and marijuana after being ambushed on *The Jenny Jones Show* by gay admirer Scott Amedure, whom he kills

the next morning. (1996)

MARCH 11: Randy Holt of the L.A. Kings sets NHL record for brawling, incurring 67 penalty minutes in a single game. (1979)

MARCH 15: Bone-eating contest for dogs in Torres Park, Louisiana. (1996)

MARCH 17: New York City St. Patrick's Day Parade marred by epidemic of vomiting and public urination. (1981)

MARCH 20: Irish writer and rebel Brendan Behan dies of alcohol poisoning. (1996)

MARCH 24: NFL superstar Lawrence Taylor vomits in police custody (later acquitted of DWI) after eating tainted fettucine alfredo. (1989)

MARCH 27: Senior citizens enjoy all-you-can-eat breakfast in Noblesville, Indiana, for only \$3 a head. (1996)

MARCH 29: Annual mating orgy of elephant seals outside Santa Cruz, California, begins to wind down.

The Fine Print

By LUKAS BARR

"Go Ahead, Punk, Make My Bed."

Prison life has a bad reputation, and the more you learn about the specifics, the worse it starts to sound. First of all, there aren't any women (unless, of course, you are a woman; in which case, well, whatever...). But things get worse. In the absence of more usual sexual outlets, what generally happens is that big guys become "men" and little guys become "punks," trading sex and self-respect for protection. The following document is an actual contract between a "punk" and his "man"—written in eighteenth-century legalese, apparently for "deniability"—distributed by the advocacy group Stop Prisoner Rape.

PART ONE: Obligations of the Punk to His Man

Article the First

The Punk shall endeavor to provide his Man with the Joys of physical Pleasure, together with its attendant Release of Tension and healthful Exercise of sundry Muscles, by surrendering his conquered Body for the full use of his Man, upon demand, as practicable, even unto yielding up his Sleep for this purpose. The Punk shall also use his Hands to give relaxing and healthful Massage to the Muscles of his Conqueror when this is requested, until his hands be wearied. *Exceptions:* the Man shall forbear when his Punk be ill,

"Lame Claims to Fame" Dept.

Mini-Milestones of the Rich and Famous

Celebrities get specific about why they're so groovy

As recently as a few hundred years ago, when the world was new, an ambitious individual could become famous just by running a nine-minute mile or discovering America. Italian astronomer Galileo Galilei, for instance, made it to the V.I.P. lounges of Venice's premier nitespots on the back of his rather obvious assertion that the Earth goes around the Sun. These days, sadly, it's not quite so simple. As a rule, the modern celebrity has to scrabble in the muck for a minor, half-chewed distinction to set him- or herself above the rest of the herd. If writing the next great American novel seems a little taxing, why not take a leaf out of Shelley Winters's book and learn to read other people's minds? Or just make like Sandra Bernhard and have a few dreams about Madonna.—*Hart Seely*

Joe Franklin (with R.J. Marx): I've been told I helped popularize karate in the United States. (*Up Late with Joe Franklin*, 1995)

Regis Philbin: I was blessed with beautiful feet. Feet are my strong

suit! Kathie Lee has a halo; I have spectacular feet. Perfectly smooth. Not a bunion or a callus. I've compared them with the best and prevailed every time. (*I'm Only One Man!*, 1995)

Loni Anderson (with Larkin Warren): I owned the whole bimbo thing. (*My Life in High Heels*, 1995)

Jane Russell: From the time I was sixteen I had bras custom-made for me. (*My Path & My Detours*, 1987)

Sonny Bono: [W]e blew Pat Boone off the stage, that's how well we went over with the audience. (*And the Beat Goes On*, 1991.)

Mickey Rooney: [S]ometimes, on a given night, I had two dates. (*Life Is Too Short*, 1991)

Debby Boone (with Dennis Baker): Everywhere I went, it



seemed children were attracted to me. (*So Far*, 1981)

Geraldo Rivera (with Daniel Paisner): I was the first newsman to ever smoke dope on television. (*Exposing Myself*, 1991)

Marianne Faithfull (with David Dalton): I have the distinction of being the first person to say "fuck" in a legitimate movie. (*Faithfull*, 1994)

Debbie Reynolds (with David Patrick Columbia): "It's so tough, Debbie, I think we should cut it; I don't know how you can learn it." "I have to learn it. I'm going to learn them all. It won't be a great musical if we don't have the numbers." (*Debbie: My Life*, 1988)

Barbara Mandrell (with George Vecsey): One time, I popped a six-inch wheel stand. (*Get to the Heart*, 1990)



Henny Youngman (with Neal Karlen): I yelled at Ed Sullivan. Let me repeat that. I yelled at Ed Sullivan. (*Take My Life, Please*, 1991)

RuPaul: I yelled out, "Everybody put your hands on your TV set, because this is the most important thing you'll ever hear." It may have been the Ecstasy, but I could feel the whole nation leap up from their sofas and place their hands on top of mine on the television screen. (*Lettin [sic] It All Hang Out*, 1995)

Ivana Trump: I read a lot; about two books a month, and all the newspapers and magazines I can find—and that's a lot. (*The Best Is Yet to Come*, 1995)

Shelley Winters: I have developed the art of reading people's thoughts. (*Shelley II: The Middle of My Century*, 1989)

Jerry Hall (with Christopher Hemphill): I help Mick write songs....He'll say, "What rhymes with this?" And I'll think of every single word I can that rhymes with it. (*Jerry Hall's Tall Tales*, 1985)

Phil Donahue: I rip like crazy. (*My Own Story*, 1979)

Brian Wilson (with Todd Gold): Leading us into the bathroom, he pointed to the toilet. Carl and Al turned away, grossed out. Dennis and I were amazed. "Fourteen inches!" Mike erupted in laughter. "I think it might be the world's largest turd!" (*Wouldn't It Be Nice*, 1991)

Chuck Norris (with Joe Hyams): [I]f I think about a problem before going to sleep, I often awake with the answer. At about 2:00 A.M., I awoke from a sound sleep with the perfect response to the question. (*The Secret of Inner Strength*, 1988)

James Earl Jones (with Penelope Niven): "I'm impressed with your poem, James Earl," Professor Crouch told me after he read my ode to grapefruit. (*Voices and Silences*, 1993)

Zsa Zsa Gabor (with Wendy Leigh): Henry [Kissinger] gave me the reason.... "I can't fly down because we are invading Cambodia tomorrow. It is a big secret, you are the first person outside the White House who knows about it." (*One Lifetime Is Not Enough*, 1991)

Rona Barrett: There is probably no reporter who knows the Frankie Avalon story better than I do. (*Miss Rona*, 1974)

Ali MacGraw: [F]or the pièce de résistance, I managed to persuade a rather stunned official to derail a train for us. It was great fun. (*Moving Pictures*, 1991)

Montel Williams (with Daniel Paisner): Damn, I tore the roof off that high-school auditorium that afternoon! I juiced everything up a notch for the network.



(*Mountain, Get Out of My Way*, 1996)

Ronald Reagan (with Richard G. Hubler): His eyes glazed, his knees went limp... [I]t was the first time I had ever knocked anyone out, and it was kind of nice knowing I could do it. (*Where's the Rest of Me?* 1965)



or (for use of the Head) when his Subject's belly be full.

Article the Second

The punk shall endeavor to provide his Man with the joys of Mental Pleasure:

1. By respecting, honoring, and cherishing his Conqueror's Masculinity;
2. By keeping his Body to be the exclusive Pleasure-ground of his Man only, or as directed by him;
3. By showing his Man the Homage due a Conqueror;
4. By acknowledging his subjugation to other People;
5. By submitting to the Initiation according to the Traditions of his Punkdom, and thereafter showing his Submission by accepting into his own Body all Fluids made Sacred by their Issuance from the Source of his Man's Male Power, with such exceptions as are noted in *Article the First*.

PART TWO: Obligations of the Man to His Punk

Article the Fifth

The Man shall endeavor to show Appreciation for the devoted

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Service of his Punk and gladden his Subject's heart by:

1. Respecting and cherishing his Punk as a Valued Subject;
2. Being a Man his Punk can look up to;
3. Protecting his punk from Harm, Harassment, Exploitation, and Disrespect as he would Himself;
4. Giving his Punk the Favor of his Companionship, so that his Subject shall not be afflicted with Loneliness, if possible sharing a room with him, conversing with him honestly and deeply, and acknowledging such Pleasure and Satisfaction as he shall feel as a result of his Punk's devoted Service;
5. Favoring his devoted Punk with frequent signs of his Satisfaction, such as the Stroking of his Subject's Head or Rear, holding his Subject's Head in his own Lap, Covering his Subject's tender Body with his own warm Presence, and frequently blessing his Punk with the thrilling touch of his own conquering Body;
6. Honoring his Punk by Recognizing him as His Own Punk in the presence of other People;
7. Providing occasional Opportunity for his Punk to bring himself to a state of Bliss while absorbed in the Presence, Power and Masculinity of his Conqueror;
8. Sharing with his Punk such occasional Delicacies and Delights as he may obtain;
9. Teaching his Subject the various and sundry Ways of the World which his Punk know not.

Joan Lunden (with Ardy Friedberg): I pride myself on my extensive repertoire of tension-relieving jokes. (*Good Morning, I'm Joan Lunden*, 1986)

Monty Hall (with Bill Libby): *My Mother the Car* turned out to be a disaster and NBC asked us if we were prepared to put *Let's Make a Deal* on at night again in January. By now we were a proven nighttime entry. (*Emcee Monty Hall*, 1973)

Ann-Margaret (with Todd Gold): In my second year of school, I won my first spelling bee, a measure of how hard I pushed myself....It's ironic to think that some people thought I was a flash in the pan. (*My Story*, 1994)

Sandra Bernhard:
I dream about

Madonna more than anyone I know. (*Confessions of a Pretty Lady*, 1988)

Marlon Brando (with Robert Lindsey): When I have to lose weight, I can do it. (*Songs My Mother Taught Me*, 1994)

Charles Grodin: Johnny Carson wanted to put me under an exclusive contract....Bob told me Johnny had said, "That kid really knows how to tell a story!" (*It Would Be So Nice If You Weren't Here*, 1989)

Willie Nelson (with Bud Shrake): I'm in better shape now than I've ever been in my life....I would challenge any ex-professional football player anywhere near my age to a footrace. (*Willie*, 1988)

Ray Milland: [T]hat night in the mess we celebrated. I had won enough points to get my regimental sharpshooter badge, and B Troop were cock of the walk. (*Wide-Eyed in Babylon*, 1974)

Mary Tyler Moore: [T]he best-looking man I'd ever seen pulled up right along

beside me and said, "Hey, babe, you look great." I took it as a sign, and felt myself becoming a racehorse, confident, trained and ready to win. (*After All*, 1995)

Marilu Henner (with Jim Jerome): [M]y body absolutely peaked in that film. I looked unbelievably sexy. (*By All Means Keep On Moving*, 1995)

Annette Funicello (with Patricia Romanowski): "The other girls are going to be running around in bikinis, which is fine. But Annette, I want you to be different. You are different. I would simply like to request that you not expose your navel in the film." "Mr. Disney, that's not a problem. Of course, I won't." (*A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes*, 1994)

Liberace: [P]eople say that I'm the toughest kind of man to make into a good husband. (*Liberace*, 1973)

Adam West (With Jeff Rovin): I'm still a little disconcerted when I'm asked to sign a lady's bosom....It's a challenge to write one's name on a quivering breast without using the other hand to steady it. (*Back to the Batcave*, 1994)



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CD-ROM

Wite-Out Theater Presents...

Cubicle of the Damned

How to become "one of the quiet ones"

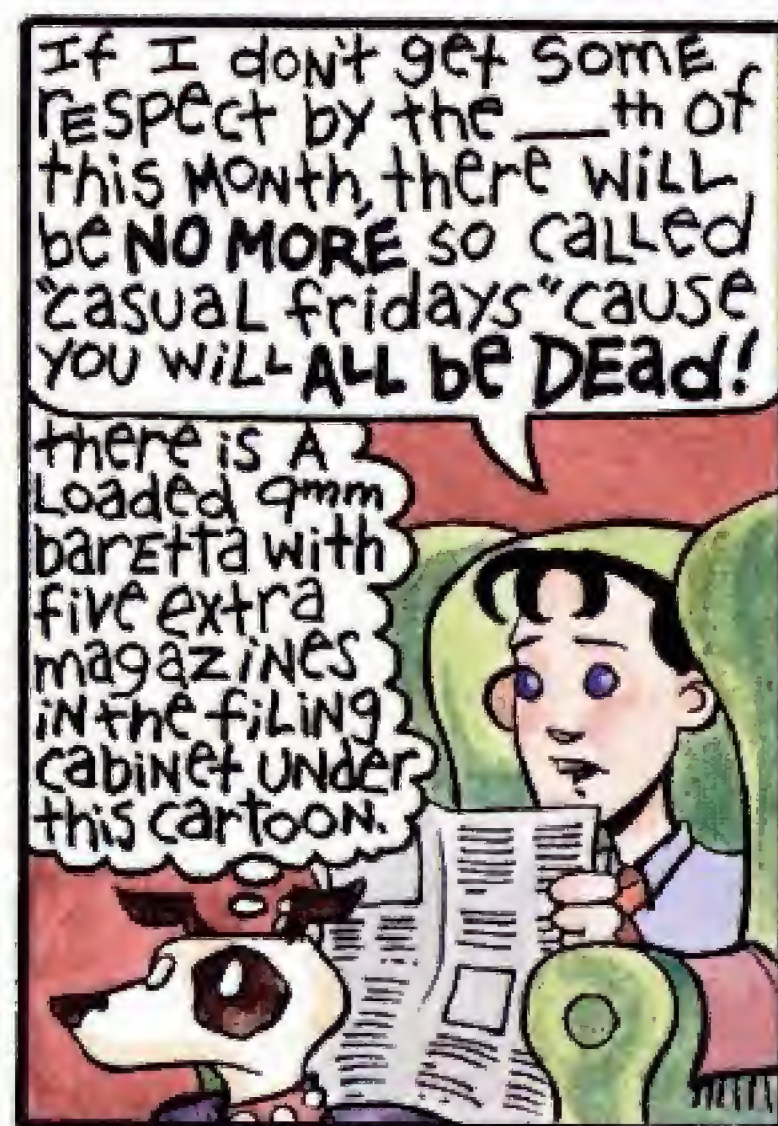
The modern office can be a noisy place—what with women stopping by and the endless pilgrimage of men bent on "defragmenting" your "hard drive"—but decades of French bedroom farce have weakened the impact of the traditional "Do Not Disturb" sign. For true peace and quiet, simply add your name and those of suitable colleagues to the adjoining cartoon, mount it on your cubicle, and savor the patter of tiny, dropping pins.—William Morton

THE
RUTLES
ARCHAEOLOGY
featuring the single and video "Shangri-La"

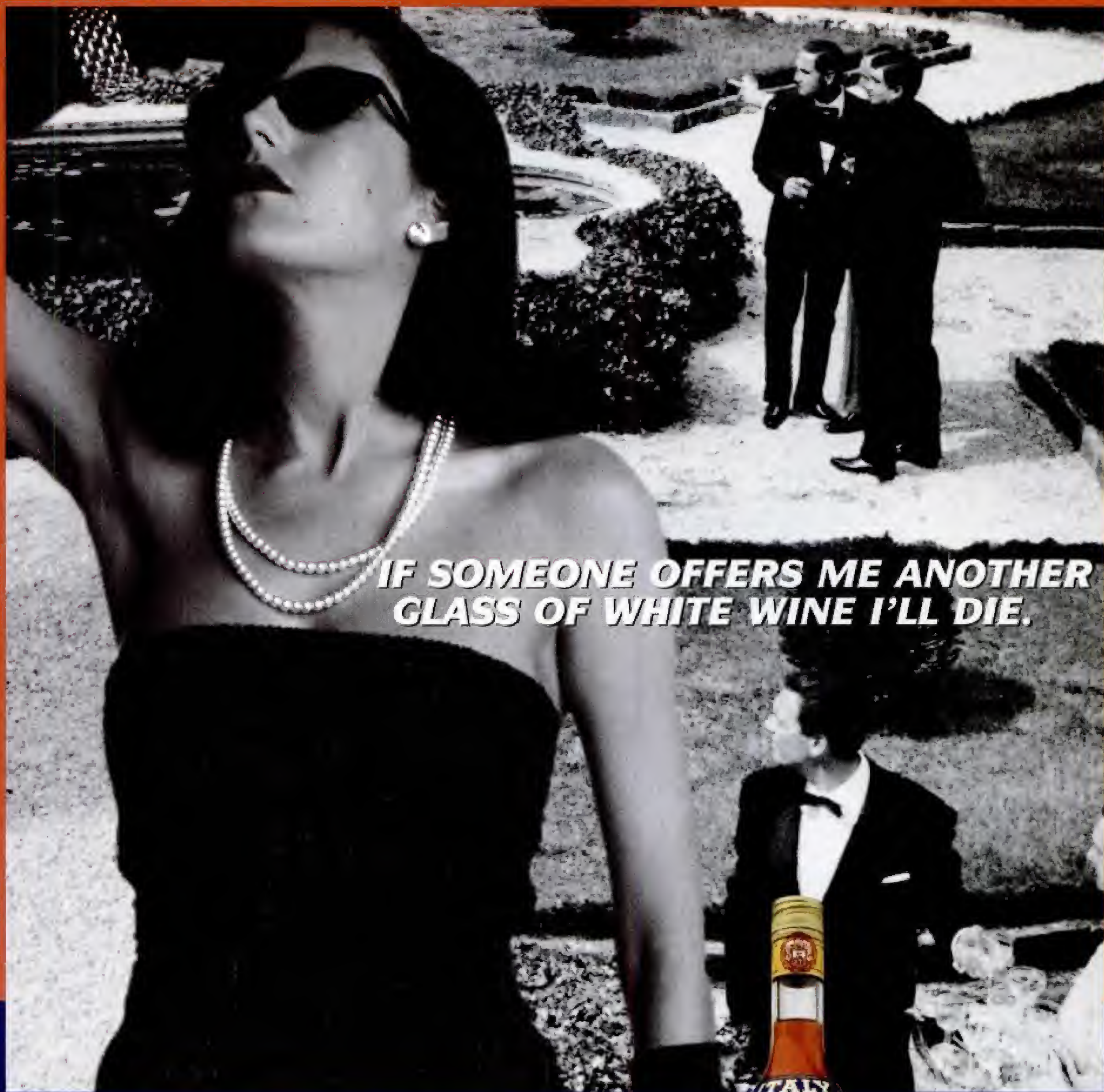
On the heels of the Beatles **Anthology III**, The Rutles unveil **Archaeology**, a new album of 16 rare and never-before-released Rutles songs, culled from the vast archives of Rutles material. And a reunion tour is rumored.

Produced by Neil Innes and Steve James
Executive Producer: Martin Lewis

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WILLIAM MORTON



**IF SOMEONE OFFERS ME ANOTHER
GLASS OF WHITE WINE I'LL DIE.**

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CAMPARI

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Campari Continental

*Campari, splash of gin, splash of soda,
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Zooropa's Bono...



...and ex-doper Robin Williams?



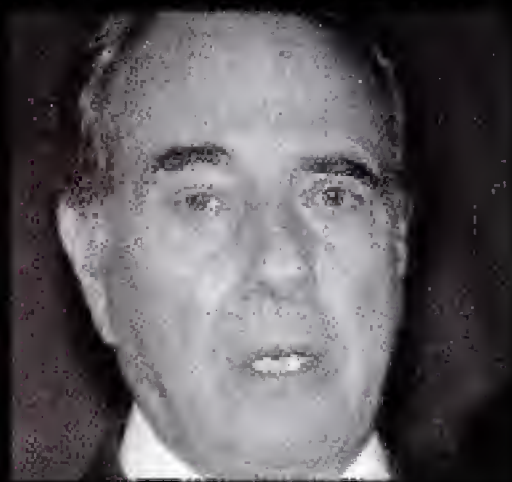
Popcorn king Orville Redenbacher...



...and contrived pop icon Dave Letterman's mom?



Casablanca star Humphrey Bogart...



...and White House flop Bob Dole?



Barnyard butcher Frank Perdue...



...and barnyard aphorist Ross Perot?



Presidential consort Mary Lincoln...



...and resident of K-Mart Rosie O'Donnell?

Loon in the Limelight Dept.

Sad-Old-Lady Masochism

Ann Landers goes soft in the noodle

Aging advice-columnist Ann Landers is a slippery customer. She was caught back in 1993 augmenting a reader's letter with her own opinions. She once referred to Pope John Paul as a "Polack" in an interview. And her real name isn't "Ann Landers" at all, but "Eppie Lederer"—which obviously sounds a little too much like a feminine hair-removal tool for the oh-so-perfect Ms. "Landers." Given that her job is giving advice, however, the worst thing about Ann Landers is the perverse, pasta-related kick she gets out of being wrong all the time.—*Maribeth Bruno*

► On crab lice:

"Dear Don: I'm no expert on crab lice. I should have been smart enough to take my own advice.... Ten lashes with a wet noodle for Annie."

► On "spoiled brats" getting married:

"Dear Michigan: At least 10,000 readers let me have it right in the chops for my mindless response."

► On advocating castration for male child molesters:

"Dear Georgia: Thanks for a richly deserved clobber. I plead guilty on all counts."

► On "getting violent":

"Dear Violent Guy: You got me there. I should have made allowances for self-defense or intervening on behalf of a person who is in harm's way. Get out the wet noodle. I'll take 30 lashes."

► On adulterous lunch hours:

"Dear Readers: The wet noodle comes out of temporary retirement. I goofed."

► On taking bullets out of your cop-husband's gun:

"Dear Experienced: It seemed like a good answer when I wrote it, but readers in every state, plus Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Mexico City, and Tokyo, suggested that I get out the wet noodle. (Color me pink.)"

► On "coddling the narcissis-

tic needs of a spouse":

"Dear Las Vegas: Thanks for the clobber. I think my brain must have been unplugged for the night (as prescribed by James O'Connor of Commonwealth Edison), but I'm OK now."

► On declaring that deaf people shouldn't drive:

"Dear Roanoke: You are right about the hearing-impaired being better-than-average drivers. Actually, the most dangerous drivers are teenagers. This is a matter of record. (Now, can I put away the wet noodle?)"

► On putting hamsters in the freezer:

"Dear Volunteer: Yours was one of the gentler clobbers that I received from around the country. I apologize for that bummer. Forget I mentioned it, folks."

► On cowboys being of European origin:

"Dear N.M.: Every now and then I like to toss in a zinger to see if my readers are awake. Well, they sure are. Actually the truth is I must have been unconscious. Forget the wet noodle. Bring in an oxygen tank."

► On washing eggs:

"Dear Peoria: Boy, did I ever lay an omelette on that one. And me, an Iowa girl! For shame. I'll take 20 lashes with an egg noodle."

PURE AND SIMPLE



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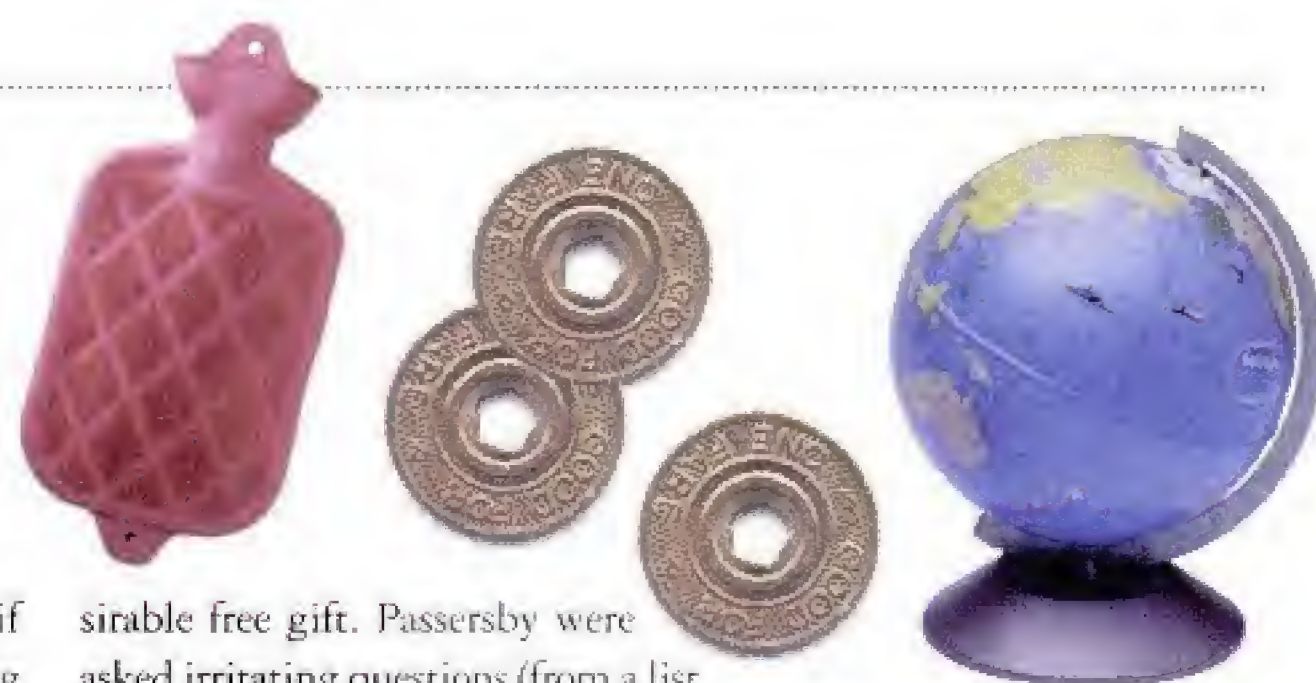
Questionnaire's Disease

Consumer Unendurables

SPY uses cheese-slicers to make people talk

Would you tell a stranger how you lost your virginity if he promised you a pack of AA batteries? How about divulging your taste in neckties for a garlic peeler? Not a crusher, but a peeler? Taking our cue from those devious market-researchers who woo you with free long-distance phone calls, SPY hit the streets to find out just *how much* data the average person would surrender for a semi-de-

sirable free gift. Passersby were asked irritating questions (from a list of over a thousand) until they finally—and sensibly—despaired of ever receiving the gift we'd promised them. If any moron had the patience to answer all thousand, we simply started again from the top in a different voice.—Jonathan Yevin and Frank Tartaglia



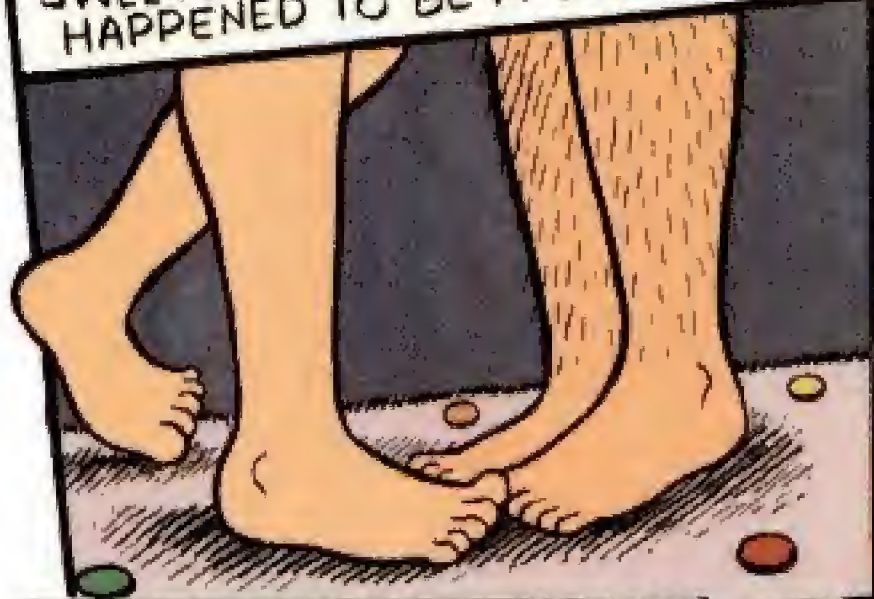
SOMEWHAT DESIRABLE ITEM	AVG. # OF Q'S TOLERATED	PRECISE QUESTION THAT MADE THE AVERAGE PERSON WALK AWAY IN DISGUST
<i>The Hottest State</i> by Ethan Hawke (retail value: \$19.95)	54.3	True or False: Surgical procedures make me uneasy.
3 Newmark toilet-seat covers (retail value: \$17.97)	6.1	Do new and nonroutine interactions with others stimulate you or tax your reserves?
Music from <i>The Mirror Has Two Faces</i> (retail value: \$14.98)	156.2	Can women sense when a man "wants" them?
Six Hoan deluxe cheese-slicers (retail value: \$14.88)	70.50	True or False: I have never engaged in any unusual sexual practices.
MTV's <i>The Real World Diaries</i> (retail value: \$18.00)	44.1	Using the English system of weights and measures, how many "stones" would you say is your ideal weight?
Two six-packs of Orbitz natural fruit-flavored beverage (retail value: \$15.00)	50.9	True or False: Technological horrors will befall humanity.
<i>Buns of Steel 2000</i> video (retail value: \$16.95)	31.6	Are you more comfortable with work that is contracted or done on a casual basis?
4 Radio Shack AAA-size batteries (retail value: \$11.99)	183.8	True or False: I like romantic stories about pirates.
Vanilla Fields "Cheap Perfume" (retail value: \$14.95)	34.2	Yes or No: I have never vomited blood.
<i>Mission Impossible</i> home video (retail value: \$14.99)	67.6	What is your favorite color, red or orange?
Wahl nose-hair trimmer (retail value: \$11.99)	59.9	In relationships, should most things be renegotiable or random and circumstantial?
English Cottage mantle clock (retail value: \$19.97)	83.6	True or False: It pays to discover.
12" world globe (retail value: \$19.99)	197.3	True or false: I am especially suited to working around explosives.
Brita Water Filtration Pitcher (retail value: \$19.99)	133.8	True or false: Sometimes I forget my name.
Framed photo of actor Mel Gibson (retail value: \$11.95)	172.4	Is black your "power" color?
Quasimodo doll from <i>The Hunchback of Notre Dame</i> (retail value: \$19.99)	8.5	Do you find astrophysicists fascinating or annoying?
Monopoly board game (retail value: \$13.99)	188.6	True or false: I have never handled firearms.
December 1996 SPY Magazine (retail value: \$3.00)	30.9	Do you have a favorite website?
Plaid pajamas (retail value: \$14.99)	79.7	Agree or Disagree: Braille signs offend me.

FERGIE!

©97
MICHAEL
DOUGAN
*

THE BEGINNING...

"I HAD NOTHING TO HIDE. I WAS JUST ME--THE COUNTRY GIRL. AND I'D FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THIS VERY SWEET MAN WHO ATE M&Ms AND HAPPENED TO BE A PRINCE."



The Crown Klutz of York

"ANDREW'S BEDROOM AND DRESSING ROOM WERE AN ABSOLUTE TIME WARP DOZENS OF STUFFED ANIMALS BLANKETED THE BED, WHILE PINK TEDDIES HUGGED EACH OTHER ON A LAMP."



MY FEET ARE FAMOUS!



"THEN, AS I CURTSEYED TO THE QUEEN, I KICKED ONE OF HER DOGS. IT WAS A GLANCING BLOW, BUT CORGIS ARE A MELODRAMATIC BREED."

FERGIE'S FAMOUS FLING WITH JOHN BRYAN...

TAKEN PLACE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. JOHN AND I WERE ACTUALLY PLAYING CINDERELLA WHEN THE PICTURE WAS SNAPPED."



"FOR THE RECORD, NO SUCKING OF TOES HAD TAKEN PLACE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. JOHN AND I WERE ACTUALLY PLAYING CINDERELLA WHEN THE PICTURE WAS SNAPPED."

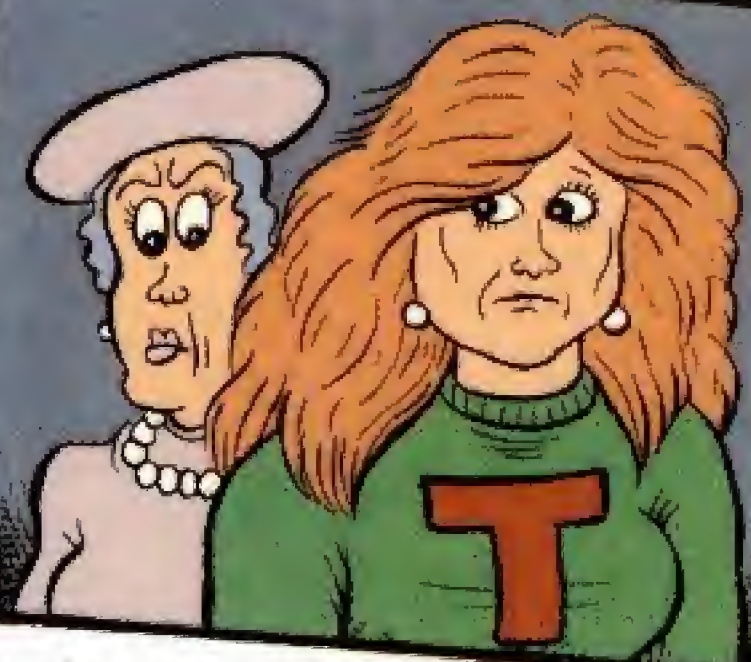
FERGIE AND DIANA IN THE QUEEN MOTHER'S ANTIQUE CAR...



"DIANA SUNK HER FOOT DOWN, AND WE DID GRAVEL SPINS ALL THE WAY AROUND THE CASTLE. WE NEVER GOT CAUGHT FOR THAT ONE."

FERGIE'S GUILT...

"I WAS GOOD ONLY FOR PUNISHMENT... I PINNED ON MY SCARLET LETTER--MINE WOULD BE A T, FOR TOE-SUCKING--AND WORE IT EVERYWHERE, WITH A SORT OF PERVERSE COMFORT."

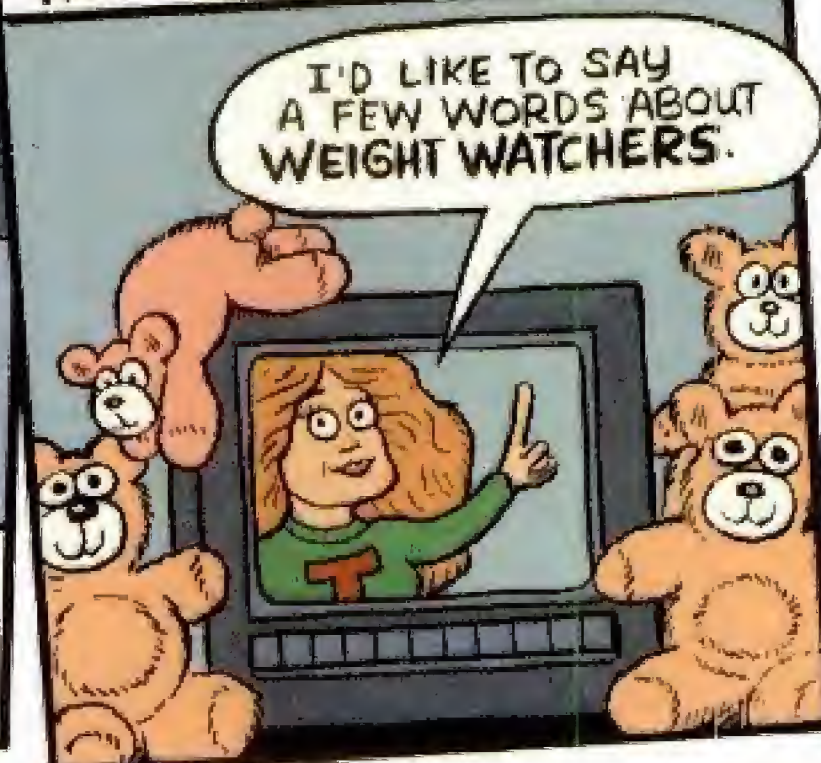


"MY FIRST CHILDREN'S BOOK... BUDGIE THE LITTLE HELICOPTER... WAS A HUGE, PROUD MOMENT FOR ME..."



"LATER ON, THE NEWSPAPERS WOULD Clobber ME WITH CHARGES OF PLAGIARISM; THEY SAID I HAD STOLEN MY IDEA..."

"I AM MY OWN WOMAN NOW, READY TO GO FORWARD. AND I JUST MIGHT LIVE RATHER HAPPILY EVER AFTER."



*ALL DIALOGUE AND SCENES TAKEN FROM ACTUAL QUOTES

SPIE Chart

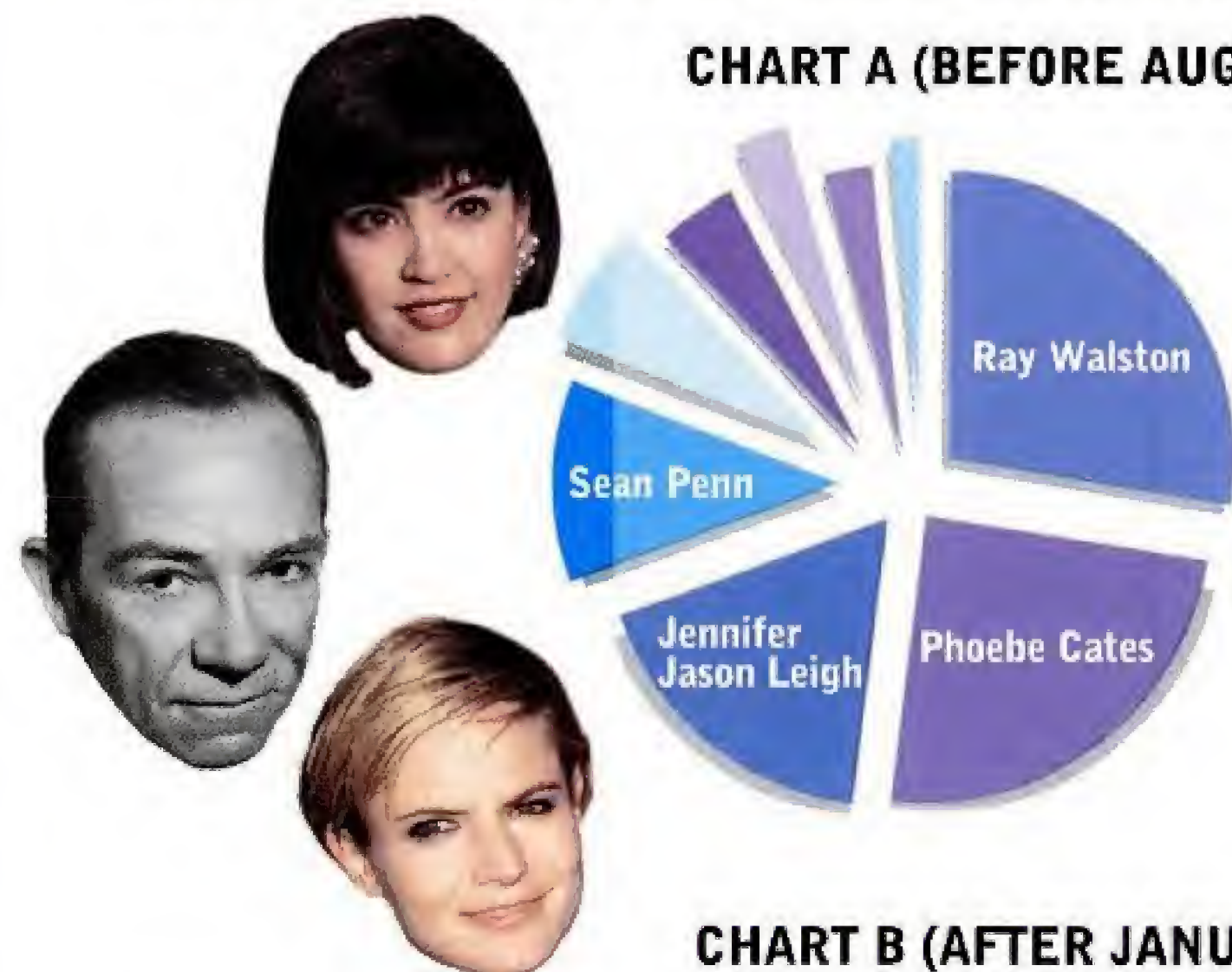
Fate's Fickle Pipe Bomb

A fake double-tragedy, and the shifting sands of fame

Fickle industry, Hollywood is. Had a pipe bomb taken the lives of the cast of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* while it was in production in 1982, Phoebe Cates would almost certainly have received top billing in the next day's news stories (washed-up sitcom star Ray "My Favorite Martian" Walston was slightly better-known, but Cates was riding a huge Hollywood buzz). Were a pipe bomb to take the lives of the same cast today, however, Ms. Cates would do no better than eleventh place in the obits, less than one percentage point ahead of Taylor Negron.*—*Pasquale DiFulco*



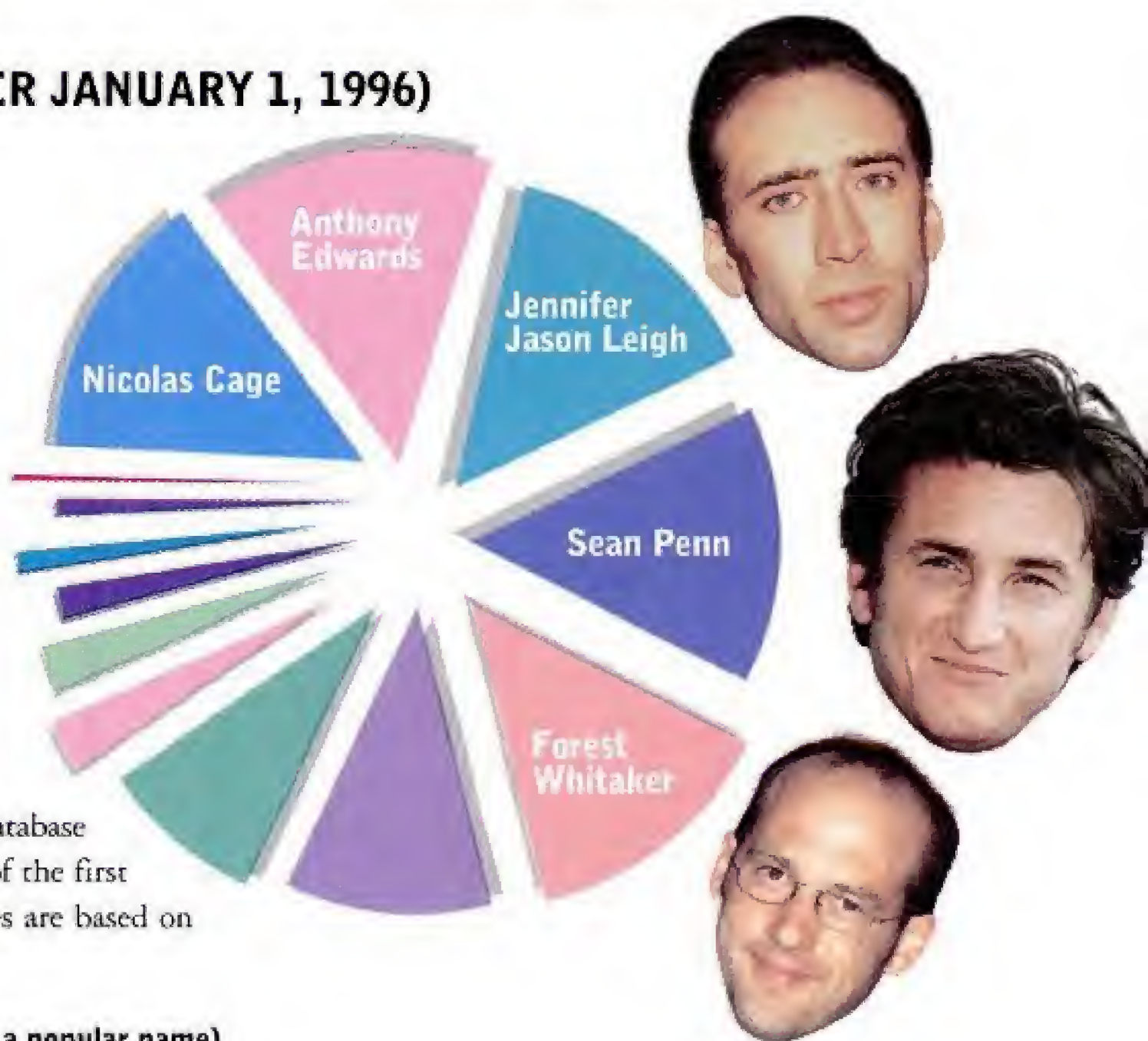
CHART A (BEFORE AUGUST 13, 1982)



Ray Walston	19
Phoebe Cates	17
Jennifer Jason Leigh	12
Sean Penn	8
Taylor Negron	5
Judge Reinhold	3
James Russo	2
Vincent Schiavelli	2
Forest Whitaker	1
Nicolas Cage	0
Anthony Edwards	0
Eric Stoltz	0
Courtney Thorne-Smith	0

CHART B (AFTER JANUARY 1, 1996)

Nicolas Cage	1,000+
Anthony Edwards	1,000+
Jennifer Jason Leigh	1,000+
Sean Penn	1,000+
Forest Whitaker •	953
Eric Stoltz	766
Ray Walston	592
Judge Reinhold	185
Courtney Thorne-Smith	177
James Russo #	110
Phoebe Cates	86
Taylor Negron	47
Vincent Schiavelli	34



*Figures in Chart A are based on the number of Nexis database hits for the actor's name before August 13, 1982, the date of the first review of *Fast Times* (in the *Washington Post*). Chart B figures are based on Nexis hits of the actor's name after January 1, 1996.

• (combined "Forrest" and "Forest") # ("James Russo" is a popular name)

"Mr. Jenkins informs Sylvia that his crisp,
clear Tanqueray martini is only one of the things
he's able to see through this evening."



Do drink responsibly, won't you?

Ribboned for Her Leisure

The Shades of Exhaustion

Tie a yellow ribbon, quick! My legs feel like old oak trees!

Yeah, yeah. So it's old news that anyone planning to attend the Oscars ceremony has to wear some kind of bleeding-heart ribbon on their lapel if they don't want the world to think that a) they're a heartless bastard; or b) they actually *have* a disease they're trying not to publicize. But where do these ribbons come from? In the case of AIDS, obviously, the color red was chosen for its sense of ur-

gency. But pink for breast cancer? Yellow for hostages and sons in the military? Where on God's green Earth is the logic? Posing—just for the hell of it—as Gregory Jacobs from the Chronic Fatigue Syndrome Activation Network, SPY's Stephen Robinson called representatives of the country's top fashion designers to find out what ribbon color goes with "tired."

ATELIER CREATIVE SERVICES, INC.

Atelier: What's the disease again?

SPY: Chronic fatigue syndrome.

Atelier: I would suggest you do something in the shape of a gear.

SPY: A gear?

Atelier: A gear. You know, like a mechanism, a machine. For the simple fact that chronic fatigue is something that stops the machine from functioning. You could do it in metal or silver because, you know, colors are out.

DONNA KARAN NEW YORK

DKNY: How about celadon? It's like a celery color, like a pale, pale green.

SPY: How do you spell that?

DKNY: C-E-L-A-D-O-N. Or maybe pale blue. Hmm. This is a tough disease.

WILKE-RODRIGUEZ

W-R: Hmm, tiredness and exhaustion. I don't know. Something empty?

SPY: Empty. You mean like white?

W-R: No, not white. *Empty.*

TOMMY HILFIGER

TH: I like plaid; Tommy does a lot of plaid; I don't have anything against plaid. You have pink for breast cancer and then red for AIDS. I think plaid would be different from what everyone else is doing. Or even striped. You could do a striped.

SPY: Striped.

TH: Maybe like yellow-and-white striped. The color yellow is for friendship, so maybe you could do something with that.

BUFFALO JEANS

BJ: Maybe blue? A somber kind of color? That's a toughie. You know, it would definitely have to be something that everybody could wear, something not gender-related. Although...probably more females have it. *I* have it.

JOE BOXER

JB: Ooh, wow, what a fun job. Right off the top of my head, I'd say orange.

SPY: That doesn't really represent tiredness and exhaustion.

JB: Yeah, I don't know...black? That's exhaustion. I mean, when I think fatigue I think *pain* more than exhaustion.

SPY: Would you change the design of the ribbon?

JB: How about something hanging upside down? Black hanging upside down?

MOSSIMO

M: Blue. Or black. Or gray...dark gray. Dark and dreary, not a happy color. Not a *live* color.

SPY: Would you change the design of the ribbon?

M: The design? Oh, definitely. I'd make it more flat. Not twisted or tied, no ties or knots.

ANNA SUI

SPY: We want something representative of the disease, of

being unable to get out of bed, of just feeling totally worthless to society.

AS: Hmm, how about celadon?

SPY: What exactly is that?

AS: Oh, it's a pale, pale green. Celadon sounds very nice.

SPY: Would you change the design of the ribbon any?

AS: Oh no, I wouldn't do that. You don't mess with success.

SHAHID & CO.

S&C: Exhaustion, huh? I felt like that just now!

SPY: Really?

S&C: Yeah. I'm blank...just blank. I'm dizzy. In fact, I can't think!

SPY: Can you transfer me to someone who might be able to help?

S&C: Hold on. [long pause] OK, I asked the question around the office. How about something like a bed?

SPY: A bed? On a ribbon?

S&C: Hmm, that probably wouldn't work. You want a color, right?

SPY: Yes.

S&C: You want something depressing if anything. Gray. Yes, gray—because it's not a good thing.

THE GAP

GAP: I'd say gray...that cloudy, hazy feeling of wanting to do more.

SPY: And would you keep the design of the ribbon the same?

GAP: Hmm, that's a very good question. I'd have to think about it. I'm sorry I'm so spacey.





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Plumbing the Information Supertoilet

THE INTERNET TAKES A LOT OF HEAT from its stuffier critics for being *childish*: for caring more about celebrity poo-poo photos than about letting some wheelchaired kid in the Midwest with a special stick attached to his forehead explore the universe of ideas.

This is nonsense, of course—just ask Sigmund Freud. An obsession with toilet topics is natural for any young creature just taking its first steps in the world. Organisms from Abe Lincoln to Sidney Poitier have passed through the same phase, and gone on to achieve maximal greatness. And those stuffy critics better watch out. Not only does the Internet's obsession with the inner workings of the smallest room bode well for its future, but those bold enough to sing its praises *today*—the Clintons, the Gateses, the Courtney Loves—while the medium is still fascinated by waste processes and distended mammalian structures, are going to look like visionaries when the online experience finally comes of age. Embrace the Internet, turds and all, or risk being left behind. The choice is yours.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

In the unwieldy opinion of *Wired* columnist and all-around media guru Nicholas Negroponte, "[The Internet] will exist beyond people's wildest predictions. As children appropriate a global information resource, and as they discover that only adults need learner's permits, we are bound to find new hope and dignity in places where very

little existed before."

Thinkers with this kind of overarching perspective are always tough to pin down, but Negroponte may well be talking here about the World Wide Web's "Virtual Public Restroom" (<http://www.auburn.edu/~carltrjm/restroom.html>), a web-based bulletin board for faeces enthusiasts to document the different types of turd, or "poopies" in the giggly *argot* of the MTV generation. Alongside rather obvious classifications—such as the "Forrest Gump Poopie" that resembles "a box o' chocolates"—there are more whimsical etymologies, like that of the "Andrew poopie," which "Like an old friend named Andrew...never quite goes away." There is truth in that "quite."

Obviously, if it were possible to capture the essence of a turd-taxonomy in a pen-and-ink drawing, the copyright would be quickly snapped up by a dictionary company for use next to their "childish" entry. But is that really a criticism when you're talking about the Internet?

We can all remember, somewhere deep in our brain stems, having been fascinated with excrement as infants. It's a natural obsession, and were we to encounter a child in the street who wore on his sleeve—perhaps even literally!—a profound fascination with faeces, we would, in fact, be rather optimistic about the prospects of his future healthy development. So why attack the infantile Internet for caring more about turds than it does about anything else other than breasts, and maybe

piss? If the Internet is ever to become the giant, pulsing collective consciousness that its modern high priests anticipate, then its road to glory will, with hindsight, turn out to have been conveniently dotted with the likes of the Virtual Public Restroom.

FROM GRIZZLY BEGINNINGS

Does a bear defecate in the woods? You may be surprised by the answer.



According to "Rusty," proprietor of "Biff the Bear's Potty-Time Video Cam" (<http://www.primenet.com/~rstbear/biff1.html>), bears use normal, porcelain, indoor commodes just like the rest of us. Rusty's site is built around a grainy surveillance image of a bathroom. Tune in sporadically throughout the day and, approximately every third time, you'll find the website's ursine protagonist with his generative rear end submerged in the can.

The bear is stuffed, of course, and the images are prerecorded and motionless, but so what? The first version of *101 Dalmatians* was a cartoon with Dick Van Dyke doing the voices. At the moment, admittedly, it is only by using soft toys and computer trickery that we can watch a bear empty his bowels; but in years, possibly only months, that bear will be a real one, with intestines.

It was Vice President Gore who said, "Once linked to the Information Superhighway, children can seek and reach resources far beyond what may be available in their classrooms and libraries." How true. Does a bear "go to the bathroom" in the woods? One day, the Internet will let us watch. If a tree falls in the forest when there's nobody around, does it make a sound? One day, the Internet will let us download the satellite-recorded audio file to our personal "forest sounds" archive. Is the Pope Catholic? Yes, according to his homepage. He is head of the entire Catholic church.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

At this point our investigation crosses paths with that of another: a Mr. Pulver, author of the World Wide Web's not-so-famous "Tour de Butt." Pulver, who doesn't give his first name, is building an archive on the Web of scenic landscape photos, each of which includes at least one naked human backside, usually flabby, usually his own. In one shot, Pulver—a largish young man with a canned back and a thick neck—gazes up at Washington state's Mt. Adams across a limpid, almost brooding Lake Takalahka. In another, he scans the Napali coastline on the Hawaiian island of Kauai: his fists

rest squarely on his sturdy hips; his buttocks seethe with good feeling. In fact, so patient and uncowable is Pulver's stance, he might almost be gazing into the future of information technology itself—or, if not that, through the window of a kebab house from which he has recently ordered a portion of pumpkin *kibbeh*.

For nasty, scowling cynics, however, "Tour de Butt" is nothing to get excited about: *au contraire!* How could it be, critics ask, that a sprawling informational entity, hyped even by conservative cultural critics like Newt Gingrich as a social necessity—"Somehow there has to be a missionary spirit in America that says to the poorest child in America, 'Internet's for you. The Information age is for you'"—should expend so much of its energy on turd-classification, bottom art, and the humiliation of stuffed bears? How could a medium so unashamedly obsessed with matters scatological be the same entity onto which President Clinton wants every eight year old to be able to "log"?

How could this be? Because the bathroom is, for want of a better term, where people come to grips with their humanity. It is in the chatrooms of cyberspace that the stockbroker from Manhattan and the starving camel technician from Abu Dhabi can discover that they have something in common; maybe only one of them has access to toilet paper, but they both have Bodies.


Our Commander-in-Chief maintains that "We are putting the future at the fingertips of your children, and we are doing it together in the best American tradition." He's right; but is it really an American tradition, or is it actually a human one? If you think of the faecal websites as selves, reaching out into the darkness, finding each other by fingertip, recognizing their sameness, and finding Negroponte's "hope and dignity" therein, then the whole info-revolution should start to smell a little sweeter. It's one thing to disparage the online community for its obsession with number twos, but those who claim "there isn't shit on the Internet" must surely be smoking crack through an extra-wide tube.—*John Bernard*

WAITING FOR GUFFMAN

A New Comedy from the Lead Guitarist of Spinal Tap

THERE'S A GOOD REASON SOME TALENT REMAINS UNDISCOVERED.

AT THEATERS SOON



The best relationships are doomed from the start, agree Woody and Soon Yi.

B

W

as it not crooner Percy Sledge who warbled, "When a man loves a woman, he might as well be sitting in a darkened room deadening his senses with gin"? Or something like that? Percy, we always felt, was a little quick to dis the Romantic Experience. For our part, we thought we'd wait until the whole male-female, nuclear-family, "I wuv oo" thing had irreversibly collapsed before pointing out that a life of domestic bliss is no life at all.

That moment, happily, is upon us. The Drew Barrymores of this world, if they get hitched at all, are doing so with random bartenders whom they divorce six weeks later. Anna Nicole Smith is petitioning the Supreme Court for permission to marry wealthy people *after they've died*. Anyone still trapped in a tiresome, going-somewhere relationship that looks like it might make a dent in the next few decades' bachelorhood need only choose a celebrity-tested exit strategy from the next few pages, and drift happily away on a golden cloud of easy sex and toothsome TV dinners.

A is for Apples (JUST MISSING)

Being a poet, grizzled beatnik William S. Burroughs had a strong but unorthodox handle on the symbols of love. On September 6, 1951, at a wild, boozy party in Mexico, Burroughs announced to the posse in general and to his common-law wife, Joan Vollmer, in particular, that

SPY's A-Z Guide to Staying Single

Book of Love

it was "time for our William Tell act." Vollmer didn't know they had a William Tell act, but being reasonably literate she dutifully balanced an apple, well, actually, a shot glass, on her head while Burroughs pulled a Star .380 automatic and, predictably, blew off everything above her collarbone.

Doing something like that today would, of course, be madness. While the Mexican legal system threw its version of the book at Burroughs, sentencing him to 13 days for "criminal imprudence," modernists who would make use of Burroughs's exit strategy would do better to buy one of those guns from Toys R Us that fires either water or those plastic darts with a rubber sucker at one end. One shot will almost certainly not extricate you from the relationship. Several thousand over the course of forty-eight hours, with no explanation tendered, almost certainly will.

Bis for Barbara Walters

You can laugh and joke with Barbara Walters, you can offer her some water, you can even make her pat you on the leg—but you will never be able to hide. If there is trouble in a relationship, Walters will seek it out and rip the scab off that pain as greedily as she would the top from a can of Pringles. Perhaps that's how it is with the human brain: we only really tell the truth

to nice old ladies.

So it was that in 1988 Walters worked her magic for a nation to see, orchestrating the breakup between satanic boxer Mike Tyson and his gorgeous wife, Robin Givens. Tyson sat smiling at Givens's side as she told Barbara that living with him was "torture...pure hell...worse than anything I could possibly imagine." In Walters's cathartic presence, Tyson melted, too, practically begging Givens to leave him. "My wife would just have to ask for it and she has every penny I have," he said. "She can leave right now...take everything I have and just leave. She has the right to do it. She has...the power to do it."

Now while we can't all have Barbara Walters come to our house, any old lady that even vaguely resembles her will often do the trick—even if it's just some disoriented busybody you found in line at the post office.

Old man Frank Sinatra gets his sleeve temporarily snagged on bony young woman Mia Farrow. Not for long!



C is for Cunnilinguaphilia

Among baseball fans, mustachioed third-baseman Wade Boggs is considered the walking embodiment of selfishness, never hesitating to put the pursuit of his own statistical glory above the welfare of his team. But according to a 1989 interview with Boggs's long-term mistress, Margo Adams, in *Penthouse*, Wade Boggs between the sheets was as unselfish as Mother Teresa—if such a comparison is even remotely appropriate. "Wade is considered a connoisseur of oral sex," claimed Adams. "He is great at it. That is probably what he does best. He really gets into it."

Holy Cow! What a play! Not only did Boggs's indiscretions appear to guarantee his escape from a dusty marriage, but he had simultaneously—in one smooth motion—announced to the female world that, in his private value system, the hallowed thlup of ball into glove ran a feeble second to a mouthful of women's pubes. The epidermis of the late eighties singles scene started to part for Boggs like that of an overstuffed horsehair sofa, drawing him in as it crinkled with anticipation.

Sadly for Boggs, his wife, Debbie, proved completely unshakable. For most of us without multimillion-dollar salaries, this should not be a problem. A simple office memo announcing one's addiction to cunnilingus will usually throw one's romantic life into some sort of happy turmoil.

D is for Documentation

It's a sad fact of photography that the essential epicness of a loved one's genitalia just doesn't show up on film, ceding picture area to a weird leatheriness and morbidity that one rarely recognizes. Any lurking doubts you may be entertaining about your partner actually being an an-

gel sent from heaven are fanned to a blaze of panicked discontentment. "Ha! That proves it. Your nipples are pale in a boring way and I'm leaving." A sexual document of reasonable quality can spring you out of nearly any relationship.

Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillooley ran happily aground after their wedding-night home video fell into the hands of *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione. The over-determined

marriage of conceptual artist Jeff Koons to Italian porn actress La Cicciolina—the woman who offered to sleep with Saddam Hussein during the Gulf War if he would free Italian hostages—got similarly ugly after the publication of the masturbatory *Jeff Koons Handbook*, which depicted Koons and his bride copulating in a

bizarre Maurice Sendak-ish landscape. More recently, flotsam-blonde

Pamela Anderson temporarily ditched husband Tommy Lee after their own intimate video was stolen from their house by a workman and also

sold, sensibly, to Bob Guccione.

In reality, one doesn't even need a video camera—a super-explicit Xerox from the office Christmas party will do just fine.

E is for Early 20th Century-Style Literary Boozing

The first few decades of this century were a good time for drinkers. With World War I having just awoken everyone to the essential hopelessness of being human, there was a good deal of sorrow-drowning to be done. The bars of the world were stuffed with literary giants such as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Dylan

Thomas: tweedy men with flasks, scarves and substantial personalities, who as they toppled into their nightly puddles of vomit, somehow always managed to squeeze out a bon mot, even if it was only "I'm falling over again" or "*À revoir mon frère*." Their wives, however, tended to be big-boned, overassertive, and to favor the sort of shapeless hat that a member of the Red Hot Chili Peppers might wear as a joke.

Perhaps the most celebrated exponents were the Fitzgeralds: novelist F. Scott and crazy wife Zelda. Together they drunkenly trashed hotel rooms with a thoroughness that would go unmatched until the television-set defenestrations of Who drummer Keith Moon. They set off fire alarms.

They leapt fully clothed into fountains. They threw up. But they stayed together.

In short, drinking like the Fitzgeralds is an infallible strategy for getting rid of your spouse—it just didn't work for the Fitzgeralds. Those were dark days between the wars. Anyone who didn't have a drink in their hand at all times was soon likely to find themselves in the padded cell next to Zelda's. These, however, are the salad-eating, ab-rolling nineties. Booze, drunk properly in an obnoxious literary way, is freedom in a bottle.

F is for Fear of Intimacy

"Fear of Intimacy" is a term that feminists use to describe the noble male trait of not getting all gooey over chicks. What, on the surface, appears as men's unimpeachably stoic and potent behavior—going out drinking instead of "snuggling" after sex, saying "You're OK, kid" instead of "I wuv oo"—they claim is actually a craven, sniveling, girlish defense mech-

Diana paid her dues at Prince Charles's side, dreaming all the while of massive cash settlements.





Kissing cousins? Cousins having actual, proper sex more like! Jerry Lee and wife.

anism. Oh, the irony. Call this venerable male mindset all the dirty names you want. It works.

G is for Genius (NOT BEING ONE)

Wild-haired physicist Albert Einstein had a big problem in the form of his wife Elsa's respect for his massive brain. Nothing seemed to faze her, such was his endless intellectual license. He'd snap at her across the apple strudel, assault her with frivolous equations (*Your face is my bottom squared, divided by go 'fuck yourself'*), even refuse—this is actually true—to brush his teeth, citing obscure experiments that had demonstrated the power of pig bristles—out of which toothbrushes were once made—to drill through diamonds; but Elsa kept sucking up the punishment. Albert, she thought, a bastard? *Nein* way. He just had his head in the clouds, had a little too much on his plate to be a nice guy.

Geniuses always get trapped in relationships—look at Schroeder and Lucy from "Peanuts!" For the man in the street, however, relative ignorance is bliss, as well as a reasonably solid foundation for a long-lasting and ram-bunctious bachelorhood.

H is for Hate Shopping

There had been a day, years before, when she had watched on TV as he ran for 2,000 yards in the snow. Now, she thought, it was her turn. As she picked a path between stubbly Manhattan Santas to the bulk of Bloomingdale's, hulking darkly behind the lace of a blizzard, she wondered what her present would be from him. A fist wrapped in crepe? An obscure, coked-up one-liner at her expense in a new theme bar down on Melrose? Inside the store, she emerged from a mist of fragrance to find herself looking out over a sea of fingers, male and chocolatey, just like his.

"And what size is Sir, Madam?" asked the glove clerk.

That was an easy one.

"Extra large."

A woman may be soft. She may drift from a colonic-irrigation session to a PTA meeting like a smiling, breasted butterfly. But she has her weapons.

"But this year," she said, "This year a pair of Large will do just fine."

Snow was still falling on Fifth Avenue as she bailed a cab to take her to the airport. The flakes were thick—wet and heavy

like the tears of tender rage that had wormed their way into her morning toilet alongside the aloe after-tan gel that was her teutonic skin's sole consolation for living in Southern California...with him. But Christmas morning would be a new beginning for both of them. New power and freedom for her, new leathery constrictions for him. Gazing up into the swaying lights, the woman felt an awful chapter of her life, of their life together, slam shut. She was cold. She was late. But she had made her point.

I is for Incest (TIPTOEING THROUGH FOOTHILLS OF)

In sleeping with, and taking nude photos of, Mia Farrow's adopted daughter, Soon Yi Previn, Woody Allen managed not only to shed himself of long-term deadweight Farrow, but wound up in a relationship to be proud of, one that appears to have the shelf life of a shelled mussel.

Nancy Spungeon and virtuoso bass-player Sid Vicious swapped dollars for squalor.





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There was a decade
called the Roaring Twenties.
What will yours be called?



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Incest, though, is a course of action one shouldn't rush into. The good news is that sexual relationships with members of your own family are doomed to fail. The bad news is that incestuous affairs also tend to end up spawning offspring who sport hammers and screwdrivers where their hands should be—a nightmare scenario for all involved. Woody's strategy, the same as that of Jerry Lee Lewis (who married his teenage second cousin), was to get as close as he could without crossing the line into screwdriver territory. That's the way to do it.

J is for Jumping to Conclusions (Not)

Native American princess Pocahontas (whose name means "full of mischief and joy," in French) thought she had the art of staying single down pat after her first real love, the discreetly named English settler John Smith, had to pull out of their relationship after being badly burned in a fire. She had only known one Englishman; he had classily set himself ablaze after their relationship had run its course; she jumped to an absurd conclusion: Englishmen burned.

Her second English settler, John Rolfe, would prove less accommodating. 'Hontas followed him overseas to England, where she became overwhelmed by the London climate while picking a lump of gristle out of a sausage she had bought from a tinker at a public execution. She died at the age of 22, ignorant of the sad reality that there are no combustible races among the human tribe, unless you count the Italians. Preserving one's bachelorhood, as a rule, requires clearer thinking than that.

K is for Keeping Your Head Up

The JFK suicide theory gets short shrift these days, even on the Internet. But here are the facts. After being shot once in the throat on November 22,

1963, the nation's first Catholic president somehow managed to keep his head in the target area long enough for whoever it was to line up a second shot and blow Kennedy's head back and—famously—to the left. This massive feat of determination went unexplained until two secret-service agents who'd been working the motorcade revealed on *The Larry King Show* that Kennedy had ridden out that morning wearing not only a specially stiffened, form-fitting shirt, but a supportive ace bandage and back brace as well. He wasn't taking any chances.

Sure, he could have stuck around a few years and had an affair with Germaine Greer, or even Michelle Phillips, but hey, after Marilyn, why bother? Like any pure bachelor, Kennedy had "Liberty or Death" tattooed on his heart. We should all be so gutsy.

L is for Living in Hell

The best insurance against true love is to make sure your



circumstances could never permit it. These setups can be elusive, though. There are gloomy reports of love breaking out in rubble-strewn Sarajevo and even in certain women's prisons.

Sid Vicious, however, and his Courtney Love-style inamorata, Nancy Spungeon, found just the hell they needed to end their relationship in New York's Chelsea Hotel—then, a run-down joint whose walls were covered with bizarre scratched-in hieroglyphics and where composer George Kleinsinger used to walk an alligator up and down the hallways.

Happily, though, you don't have to buy your own alligator to live in Hell. The Chelsea Hotel is still open for business.

M is for Me and Siobhan Fahey (WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN)

Dear SPY,

I thought you might like to know what happened between me and Siobhan Fahey from the all-girl group Bananarama. Back in 1988, I found myself standing next to the streaky-haired singer at a hotel bar in Morocco. But then all of a sudden her husband—Dave Stewart from the Eurythmics—turned up and the two went off together. It was by far the purest experience of love I have known. I can only hope that Stewart sticks his fat nose into the personal life of some of your readers...for *their* sake.

—A Reader, Austin, Texas

N is for Not Existing

Like all Buddhists, salt-'n'-pepper sex symbol Richard Gere is a master of psychic self-effacement. Hours perched uncomfortably on Tibetan escarpments have left him with a fine-tuned ability to empty his mind of all thought and sensation. On the silver screen, his mental vanishing act

Dick and Liz wore their mutual loathing on their sleeves—and their trousers!



Wife and family in tow, left-handed misfit Kurt Cobain gets ready to snap.

Q is for Queen Elizabeth (HAVING AS MOTHER-IN-LAW)

The beauty of having Queen Elizabeth II of England as your mother-in-law is that literally from the moment of betrothal, you're plunged into a tank of ancient absurdity in which the slightest piece of normal human behavior on your part can easily be interpreted as a divorceable offense—and spring you to moneyed freedom. If the opportunity comes your way, get married to whatever prince or princess it is immediately, then lie back, relax, and let history take its course.

R is for Religion (STARTING OWN)

Queen Elizabeth herself, a long-term spouse, might do well to follow the example of one of her ancestors: the so-called "Great Emancipator," Henry VIII. Founding the Church of England was actually one of Henry's less aggressive strategies for dumping clingy wives. When you think about it, it's not hard to be flattered by a guy's rejection of Catholicism on behalf of his entire country just so he can avoid spending another night with you—as Henry did in 1534 to lose Catherine of Aragon. (It was at least more of a compliment than having your head cut off, as befell some of Henry's other wives, as well as his friend Thomas More, who considered the "new religion" move a cheesy one.)

S is for Suddenly Snapping

Anyone who thinks apple-cheeked tunesmith Paul McCartney is dispositionally incapable of coming home tomorrow, pouring himself a glass of cola, then impassively mulching Linda, his beloved wife of nearly thirty years, with a cheese grater is living in cloud-cuckoo-land. The option of snapping—suddenly and catastrophically—is a

can also be spectacular, notably the I-am-not-here-at-all woodenness he brought to his character in *Pretty Woman*.

Gere's triumph, of course, was managing to not exist during sexual intercourse with Cindy Crawford, a person widely recognized as being one of the top four or five hundred most attractive women in the world. Immediately after her breakup with Gere, Crawford made interesting comments to the media about her experiences on the set of *Fair Game*: "When we were working on love scenes," said Crawford, "I kept thinking, this is nothing like real life, where it's over in three seconds and thank you very much."

The thing to remember if you're trapped in a relationship is that it's never too late to start not existing—and you can do it without all those expensive Tibetan jaunts. Just rent *Pretty Woman* and, using a mirror, practice *being* Richard Gere. Bingo. You're gone.

O is for Obviously Doomed (BEING FROM START)

Sometimes the best way to doom a relationship is to plan ahead. When the 21-year-old Mia Farrow got married to the 50-year-old Frank Sinatra in a four-minute ceremony at the Las Vegas Sands hotel in 1966, no one, least of all the happy couple, seemed particularly worried that the relationship would drag on. Also noteworthy, of course, is Anna

Nicole Smith's gleeful dalliance with 87-year-old multimillionaire J. Howard Marshall II. Here's to J. Howard! You don't live to be almost 90 and accumulate \$550 million by not being able to recognize a rock-solid going-nowhere relationship when you see one. We should all be so perceptive!

P is for Preferring Men (ACTUALLY)

Another man who planned ahead was fat rock god Elton John, who found himself married, in 1984, to a woman named Renate Blauel whom he'd met in a recording studio. For a major rock star such as Elton, Blauel made a plausibly frumpish consort, combining the stringiness of a Linda McCartney with the pudgy, unpracticed smile of that woman Michael Jackson recently managed to impregnate. The ace up Elton's sleeve, of course, was that he was a homosexual. But in a dazzling twist on the traditional lavender marriage, as practiced by Cary Grant, Rock Hudson, etc., Elton married a woman despite the fact that everyone *knew* he was gay. Most shocked of all, predictably, was Elton's gay lover Gary Clarke, to whom Elton and Renate both apologized the night of their engagement.

Strategically changing sexual orientation in the middle of a relationship can be harder than it sounds. Far better to have it settled, like Elton, before you begin.



"Is that Milton Berle?" An antsy JFK distracts wife Jackie so he can slip away.

Martha in Mike Nichols's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Actors, basically, are totally impossible to live with. Even a few evenings a week playing the back end of a horse at the local recreation center and you're probably "outta there."

U is for Undersea Kingdom (SPENDING NO TIME IN)

Sooner or later, dry-land relationships can be counted on to, er, hit the rocks. Happy bachelors with a fondness for sea creatures would do well to confine their explorations to that well-lit area between the wedge of lemon and the blob of tartar sauce. One artificially webbed foot in the ocean and they may find themselves going the way of Jacques and Simone Cousteau, who, like all marine-biologist couples, were deeply trapped in love. The pair spent forty years at sea, masterminding hundreds of diving expeditions from their ship, *Calypso*, without the slightest hint of marital queasiness. Theirs was a marriage about as easy to escape as that upside-down rusty ship in *The Poseidon Adventure*. Beware the sea!

universal human entitlement, albeit one that's exercised disproportionately by those of us who on the surface seem unusually cheerful and mellow. Lorena Bobbit managed to convince a jury with her placid demeanor that rather than being the sort of person who'd willingly cut off penises for a living if such a job existed, her castration of husband John Wayne Bobbit had been part and parcel of a sudden snapping. Straw-haired nihilist Kurt Cobain, by the same token, spent so much of his life warning anyone who'd listen that he was within minutes of completely losing it, that his suicide took everyone by surprise.

Anyone can snap suddenly. It could be your postman; it could be your dry cleaner; it could even be your grandfather. Let's face it: It might as well be you.

T is for Thespianism

There is an unmistakable lisp-perversion that clings to professional actors of both sexes—of which "thespian" is comically resonant—that perhaps explains why romantic relationships between actors so often end up on the skids. There are lessons there for all of us.

Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, Richard Burton and

Elizabeth Taylor: the list of thespian (snort!) couples just doesn't end.

Taylor and Burton went deeper than most, of course, marrying twice and continually dissing each other in public. Richard said of Liz: "She has an incipient double chin, her legs are too short, and she has a slight potbelly." Liz called Dick, "My bandy-legged dwarf." Best of all, they even made a movie about how much they disliked each other, pouring genuine liquored-up spite into their roles as George and

He's a debonair amphibian! She's a loud pig! Together, they're defectives!



V is for Violating (LAWS OF NATURE)

He didn't eat flies; she didn't roll around in her own shit. Seventies variety stars Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy each climbed unbelievably high from ridiculously humble beginnings; too high, you'd think, for their tedious romance to be derailed by a force as inconstant as society's prejudice. But that's exactly what happened. As network execs explained to the frustrated couple, it wasn't that he was a frog and she was a pig that was grossing people out, as much as the fact that they were both *puppets*.

W is for Working Late

Emotional success came early to grizzled terrorist Nelson Mandela and his rubbery wife Winnie: Nelson got thrown in jail for 25 years for bucking apartheid. Married bliss seemed to suit the Mandelas just fine: Nelson got some serious reading done in preparation for his nineties incarnation as a major world player, while Winnie had affairs, had people killed, had a good time, basically. Cruel fate intervened, however, and forced them back into each other's orbits in February of 1990. The future looked bleak, but before despair could become entrenched, the couple hit upon the idea of simply getting an old-fashioned divorce.

X is for X-Rays (DISCOVERING)

United by a common, perverse desire to isolate radium, turn-of-the-century French eggheads Pierre and Marie Curie were stuck in an annoyingly close relationship. Every night at

4.a.m, Marie would yawn blearily up from her petri dish, or whatever it is you use to isolate radium and—hey, hey, hey—there would be Pierre. If the radium-isolating gig hadn't worked out, the pair could probably have scooped a Nobel Prize for their experiments in human *tedium*. But then came success. They isolated radium and Pierre promptly died. This strategy, sadly, will never work again. If you announce you've discovered radium



nowadays, the fire department will tell you to open all the windows and not light any matches.

Y is for Yentlism

Master of irony and king of the in-grown mustache, political commentator David Brinkley retired in November as host of the Sunday-morning discussion program *This Week*. He'd seen it all, had Brinkley, in his decades as a pundit: impeachments; assassina-

tions; nanny scandals; World Series. But for some reason the reminiscence with which he chose to conclude his career centered around a midwestern couple he'd heard of who'd been forced to seek a divorce after the female partner had revealed herself to be, in fact, a man.

Brinkley's no fool. This strategy is genius. Anyone who manages to follow Barbra Streisand's cinematic lead and, with a great, taped, swelling of violins and emotion, reveal themselves as belonging to a gender to which they had formerly not claimed membership, deserves applause from their spouse, not tears and complaints.

Z is for Zeusing

While he had little of what modern men look for in a god—he played no part in the creation of the universe, refused to get embroiled in what happened to men's souls after they died—Zeus did spend his time making love like a bandit, for which we salute him.

In order to score with a young woman named Leda (her last name has not survived; nor for that matter has Zeus's), Zeus once turned himself into a swan—just on a whim, a swan!

He also became a bull in order to “get with” the geographically named Europa; and, while pursuing a girl with the NBA-ish name of Danae, turned himself into what historians have delicately translated as a “shower of gold,” or what you and I probably know as a “golden shower.”

The true beauty of Zeus's relationships, however, was his devastating extrications. When things were getting a little claustrophobic between him and some woman named Callisto, he turned her into a bear, prior to splitting, and turned his bed pal Io into a cow, spoiling her irretrievably in the eyes of any future eligible bipeds. Tough one, that.

For Renate Blauel, relations with gay pianist Elton John had a certain candle-in-the-wind quality.



Him & Her: pink plaid trousers,
halter top and polo shirt by
Massimo, sunglasses by Ray-Ban,
gold thong sandals by Patrick Cox

A Question of Taste


Sometimes, you simply have to ride, to move.
Young, gifted, and dressed for the occasion, you vroom off
into the springtime like a pair of cool bullets.

Buon giorno, world!



Photographed by Frank Veronsky

**Fashion Editor Joseph Oppedisano • Props by Sonia Nikk • Hair by Creighton, for the
Robert Kree Salon • Makeup by John Toth • Digital Composition by Kenneth Lin**



A momentary separation
and a question asked.
"She went that way, pretty boy.
Take a left on Abbey Road."

Him: plaid suit,
shirt, and tie by
Paul Smith

In the canyons of the city,
connections are made...then broken.
Hello? Hello? The wind rolls off the taxi cabs
no quarter given.



Her: black nylon knit dress by F8;
Him: grey wool striped suit, cotton
shirt, and silk tie by Polo Ralph Lauren



Hide and seek in the gardens
of the floating world.
"Have you mastered the lotus?"
Who's asking?

Nylon printed dress
by Jean Paul Gaultier

Beating the heat in the shade of a gentle friend. A question asked and answered. Safari? Yes. Sofary, so good-y.

Him & Her: shirts
and trousers by CK
Khakis by Calvin
Klein; Her: snakeskin
belt by Michael Kors



Eau de toilette,
captured and bottled.
The hour of love,
l'amour, draws near
in the city
de les er... lights.

Her: black two-piece
knit dress by Ozbek;
Him: wool trousers
by Moschino Cheap
& Chic, cotton tuxe-
do shirt by Brioni,
cumberbund by Jean-
Paul Gaultier



Him & Her: printed
bikinis, heels, and
handbag by Patrick
Cox; Muscleman:
swimsuit by
Raymond Dragon

You had joy, you had fun, you had seasons in the sun.
But the stars you could reach were just starfish on the beach.

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THE TWO BIG GESTASS HOLES IN PUBLISHING

MOT TO BE A CRANK, but there was a time when writers weren't content-providers and magazines were businesses of a different, more gentlemanly sort than they are now. There was a time when the publisher of *The New Yorker*, a self-effacing Princeton man named Raoul Fleischmann, spent a large chunk of his family's yeast fortune keeping the magazine afloat. Nevertheless, he had to meet a famous new hire, high-end book-reviewer Edmund Wilson, in the magazine's lobby, since the editorial floor

was off-limits to business types.

"I was sorry not to come to your office," said Fleischmann. "But you know the situation here."

Decorum demanded that the "slugs"—*New Yorker* founder Harold Ross's term for the sales staff, circulation managers and accountants—keep their distance from the editorial process at all times. Given the delicate, corruptible nature of ideas, it seemed like common sense.

The suaveness and propriety of the forties magazine industry is long dead, of course, overrun decades ago by hordes of marketing professionals, focus-group weenies, and salesmen with Al Pacino fixations. The relationship between publishers and their editors, two groups once proudly segregated, has become complicated and furtive. The presence of editorial tampering—rather like swimming-pool urination or sex in a nunnery—has been accepted by the industry at large with disapproving resignation.

All of which has made the publishing business desperately attractive to the particular pair of vulgarians concerning us here: a couple of self-made bigwigs for whom the ethical traditions of publishing are little more than what red flags are to bulls. Nobody likes to use the A-word, especially not a respectable magazine such as this one, but when you're talking about the likes of David Pecker and Ron Galotti, you might as well go ahead, because they would probably both be flattered.—*Bagher Hossein*

The Cowboy

Last May, **DAVID J. PECKER**, CEO of Hachette-Fillipachi magazines, found himself with a problem.

An unsettling piece of paper had landed on his desk: an article slated for *Premiere* magazine, Hachette's cheerful

basically I don't care.



"I know they call me a cowboy, but

movie monthly, detailing the involvement of muscled thespian Sylvester Stallone in the Planet Hollywood chain of theme-restaurants. Uh oh. Pecker's good buddy Ronald Perelman, CEO of Revlon, was at that moment hoping to create a new chain of restaurants "themed" around Marvel Comics characters with both Stallone and Planet Hollywood. For a Hachette publication to run an article exposing the dysfunctional relationships behind the business dealings of the chain would be a major personal embarrassment for David Pecker.

To the casual observer—say, an educated window-washer gazing into Pecker's office as he grimaced over a draft of the article—this was not the sort of man one usually sees making editorial decisions. With years as a chartered public accountant under his belt, Pecker's credentials were impressive—if he'd been applying for a job at a bank. Pecker had, however, never worked at a magazine in a capacity that actually required him to read articles. And yet there he was, editor's red pencil poised ominously over a defenseless piece of investigative journalism.

Formerly, Pecker had been Hachette's unusually nerdy Chief Financial Officer—a "major dweeb-man" is how one columnist described him—ever since the French company (which also manufactures Exocet missiles) bought a grab bag of U.S. titles, including *Women's Day* and *Car and Driver*, to buttress its launch of American *Elle*. But when Peter Diamandis, the American from whom Hachette bought the magazines, walked after two years, taking his management team with him, Pecker was suddenly in a position to land the company's top job almost by default. For a glamour-deprived mathlete like Pecker, this was a legitimate, once-in-a-lifetime chance to build a public persona.

Inspired by what his banker-brain perceived as the looseness and inefficiency of the publications under his power, the professionally thrifty Pecker started making what he thought were obvious changes: slashing staff, pandering to advertisers, and generally making a mockery of the editorial process. "Pecker is a financial guy," explains an ad-sales representative who worked for him. "He doesn't understand publishing....He never worked on a magazine. He doesn't know the right ingredients to make a magazine great, only profitable....He interferes with editorial integrity."

In fact, when the Planet Hollywood article hit Pecker's

desk, five years after his promotion, no one with any awareness of his bean-counting regime could have entertained for a second the idea of him *not* killing the piece—unless, of course, they might have felt such an egregious act of interference was too distasteful for even him.

Pecker killed the piece.

Blurred distinctions between advertising and editorial—formerly the journalistic equivalent of church and state—are sad facts of life in modern publishing, particularly in the world of fashion gazettes, where articles about the latest skin-care miracle are commonly, if discretely, swapped for ad pages in the same issue. Unlike other publishers, however, for David Pecker these cozy accommodations are not a source of shame but a source of pride, as if with every editorial compromise he forces he is *breaking new ground*, venturing into an unexplored territory of publishing like some sort of mustachioed Indiana Jones. Dubbed a “used-car salesman” by rival publisher Steve Florio, Pecker’s imperious management style is more frequently referred to as his “cowboy ways”—an image that fits perfectly with his new post-nerd self-perception. “I know they call me a cowboy,” Pecker recently told *Forbes* magazine, “but basically I don’t care.”

Pecker’s public response to the Planet Hollywood debacle—which made national news after two of *Premiere*’s editors, Christopher Connelly and Nancy Griffin, resigned in protest—was similarly stiff with pioneer spirit. “We have found in our research that investigative pieces score the lowest,” Pecker number-crunched defiantly. “Our readers are not interested in negative journalism”; “There are hard-hitting journalistic pieces that have hurt the magazine”; “The last time I looked, I am CEO of the company.” And then a landmark utterance: “I have 100% control over what runs in *Premiere*.” Did Pecker know that publishers are traditionally not supposed to brag about their tampering with editorial product? Yes, of course. That’s why he did it. As the only man brave and bright enough to understand the Hobbesian economics of publishing, why would Pecker not brag about his contributions to magazine science?

One classic Pecker innovation was the sales gimmick known as “value-added” selling, which allows advertisers deeper access to a magazine than that usually afforded by mere ad pages. The cosmetics giant Elizabeth Arden, for instance, got the March 1994 cover of American *Elle* to split open down the middle, revealing—pop-up-book-style—an advertisement for Elizabeth Arden. When Tina Turner, legendary singer and current Hanes panty-hose pitchwoman, appeared on *Elle*’s cover in place of the usual 17-year-old model, it surprised no one when a humongous spread for Hanes appeared in *Premiere* and other Hachette titles a month later. Concedes one ad-sales representative, “David Pecker wants to make money. He looks at magazines as ‘How much money can each page bring me?’ rather than ‘Am I producing the best product out there?’”

Esquire's Number One Reason for Working at Hearst? "Because Our CEO is Not Named David Pecker."

Pecker also threw his weight behind the proliferation of “custom-publishing magazines,” a practice which utilizes in-house editorial talent to create periodicals celebrating the virtues of such mega-advertisers as Philip Morris, Sony, Mercedes, Mary Kay Cosmetics, and, most curiously, Tupperware. *Tell*, a now-defunct teen magazine that Pecker assembled three years ago in a partnership with NBC, ran ads for the network that were almost indistinguishable from the magazine’s typical editorial layout. Pecker even leaned on editors of *Car & Driver* to hawk Pontiacs on the Home Shopping Network.

By his own reckoning, at least, Pecker’s metamorphosis from pocket-protected abacist to hard-nosed publishing visionary has been relatively successful. People no longer call him up for advice on square-root calculation, for one. And through judicious use of his favorite resource—Hachette editorial—Pecker has managed to assemble, if not a circle of glamorous friends, then about 180 degrees of one. The name of Patricia Duff, Ron Perelman’s wife, found its way onto the *Premiere* masthead as a contributor. And Pecker also ordered the magazine’s editors to publish a months-old photo of Revlon execs at an Oscar party. Pecker even helped Ralph Lauren’s earnest, ponytailed son, David, publish and distribute his upstart Gen-X ‘zine, *Swing*.

Coincidentally, good things also started to happen for Fran Drescher, star of TV’s *The Nanny*. After Sony, which produces her show, began placing ads for electronic equipment in Hachette magazines, the sitcom queen soon found herself gracing the covers of two of them. And it would have been three, had those pesky editors at *Premiere* not repeatedly insisted that Drescher was not a movie star—unless, of course, you counted her poorly lit cameo in *Saturday Night Fever*. At a 1995 Hachette-sponsored awards ceremony in Los Angeles, Drescher paid homage to her new pal while presenting an award. As she took the podium and introduced Pecker to a crowd of thousands, including designer Donna Karan and Pecker’s wife, the effervescent sitcom star quipped, “First I was on the cover of *Elle*, now I’m going to be on the cover of *Mirabella*. It must be those [favors] I’m giving David Pecker.”

(Perhaps truer to the roots of pure comedy than even the editorial voice of this magazine, Drescher’s ad-libbing brain was evidently playing with the double meaning of Pecker’s name, which in some circles, apparently, is a synonym for the male sexual appendage.)

Lately, Pecker has been expanding his horizons. There was the starry-eyed launch of *George*, the JFK, Jr.-edited, “post-partisan” (i.e., uncontroversial) political monthly, which wallows in Kennedy nostalgia on every page; and *Unzipped*, a documentary about designer Isaac Mizrahi that Pecker executive produced. On the ad-edit front, future hybrids

include *Automobile Classics* and *Body by Jake*, and Hachette continues to subsume existing titles into its monstrous bulk: *Mirabella*, *Family Life*, *Travel Holiday*, *Eating Well*—all of which, if Pecker's gunslinging version of publishing holds true to form, may soon resemble Wild West ghost towns.

Notorious for cutting staff with the purchase of each new title, Pecker promptly hacked *Mirabella's* staff of 80 down to 20 (what could all those editors be doing up there, anyway?), and *Premiere's* from 80 to 38. Similarly, 36 staffers at *Travel Holiday* suddenly found themselves practicing what they'd been preaching after Pecker took over. "Every time they buy a new magazine, they don't add the staffing to go with it," laments a former employee with first-hand experience of Hachette's clear-out-your-desk-by-noon hatchet policy. "He squeezes people to do so many different things—so he doesn't put the money into bringing in the best editors, or enough editors, or enough sales people," he said.

With distance, one can almost admire the agility with which Pecker interprets his own gleeful ignorance of the editorial process as a "talent" for magazine publishing. But don't expect anyone in the business to feel the same. At an *Esquire* Christmas party two years ago, festivities included a Lettermanesque "10 best reasons to work at Hearst" list, with the number-one reason: "because our CEO is not named David Pecker." Nonetheless, as bad as working under the gunslinger of publishing may be, having "David Pecker" as one's own given name must surely be a good deal worse.

The Bad Fellow

RONALD A. GALOTTI, current publisher of Condé Nast's lodestar, *Vogue*, is similarly infatuated with his publishing machismo. But where Pecker fancies himself an inspired realist, a hard-bitten decision-maker who isn't afraid to break a few eggs as he whips up his campfire omelette, Galotti sees himself firmly in the black-hat camp: less the brutal asceticism of the cowboy; more the stylistic vulgarity of the gangster. It's not that Galotti is bad at what he does that makes him an asshole—his skill at boosting magazine ad sales is widely acknowledged—it's how he goes about doing it.

"You gotta go sell dat shit!!" constitutes a typical pep talk from the diminutive, cigar-chomping, kickboxing dy-

namo, famous for standing two inches from the recipient of his ten-years-in-the-business wisdom while inquiring at the top of his lungs: "What are you a fuckin' white-bread idiot?!! You can't get anything done!!"; or perhaps, "What are you, stupid?!! I could sell this blindfolded!!"

Dressed to kill in an expensive power suit, with suspenders emblazoned with little green dollar signs, the Tiny Terror of Condé Nast—or "worm head," as he's known around the office—strives to make an immediate impression. "He's got the gold cuff links, the slicked-back hair, the constant tan...it's definitely a rich look that he's

shooting for," relates a former minion. "Gordon Gekko from *Wall Street*," is how many have described Galotti's distinctive garb—with the crucial caveat that his character be played by Joe Pesci instead of

Michael Douglas. In fact, so deeply does Ron Galotti care about fashion that he was once ushered from a Milan fashion show after laying siege to the front-row seat already assigned to *New York* fashion editor Michael Gross.

They were probably modeling bullet-proof hats; gangster style, for Galotti, is more than a state of mind, it's a full-fledged *raison d'être*. He has been heard screaming that he "whacked" an undesirable, when in truth he'd simply terminated their employment. He sometimes greets new ad-sales reps by admonishing, "Hi!! My name is Ron Galotti!! Consider this an interview!!" He's also been known to flare his nostrils when he's angry—which is very often. And, oh yes, there was the rumor that he threw a chair at an employee in the middle of an argument; a rumor which Galotti denies, but nonetheless doesn't mind propagating.

"They always say Ron's the bad boy of publishing," Galotti himself has explained in print, deploying a Dennis Rodmanish third person. "He throws chairs and people out, things I don't do." And "worm head's" chilling Pacino coda: "But I wouldn't want to be on the wrong side of me."

A Condé Nast veteran, Galotti used to work with Tina Brown at *Vanity Fair* and apparently deserves some of the credit for that magazine's success. Although Galotti always felt he and Brown made a "great team," he was disappointed when not asked to move to *The New Yorker*. Whatever the reason for the pair's dissolution, it is awfully hard to imagine the rough and ready Galotti fitting in at the supereffete New York weekly.

"I guarantee you," remarked a former Condé Nast employee who worked closely with Galotti, "If you asked



Wrong side of me.

"I wouldn't want to be on the

any person at *Vogue* to imitate him, the first word they'd say would be 'fuckin.'" A writer who profiled him for an industry magazine was forced—for the sake of realism—to tone down the Mametesque frequency with which he used the F-word, and yet was still scolded by Galotti for depicting him as a toilet-mouth. If his language wasn't un-*New Yorker* enough, Galotti also once chased one of his longtime secretaries to the elevators—red-faced and with neck veins popping—yelling pathetically, "I'll tell you when you can quit!" as she walked out the door for good.

After Brown left *Vanity Fair*, ad sales initially plummeted, taking corporate morale along for the ride. As Galotti began losing staff left and right, he made the lives of those remaining as miserable as he could. Chewing-out sessions would last well into the night, with salespeople gathered around a table to be beat up serially and in front of others.

Galotti would even charge into the ladies' room to hunt down women who were cowering tearfully in the stalls. One of the survivors recalls that the minute Galotti left *Vanity Fair*, staff began to return, noting, "To this day, people say they'll work for Condé Nast, just not for Ron." "For years," sighed another veteran of Galotti's court, "every time I would go to my therapist, his name would come up."

Bronx-born and raised near Peekskill, New York, by his liquor store-owning mother, the 46-year-old Galotti, like Pecker, is selectively self-conscious of the fact that he comes from a rough-and-tumble background. One Condé Nast employee, for example, was given the assignment of "pumping up" an in-house bio of Galotti, which already read as the "rags-to-riches tale of a Bronx boy made good." After the writer's revisions continued to play up Galotti's "street-edge appeal," the Tiny Terror came storming down the hall, bellowing that he was going to get the "word-smith" responsible fired, insisting that his bio's prose style be "clean and executive," describe him as a "man of stature," and make no references to his upbringing. Indeed, his entry in *Who's Who in America* lists neither his birthdate nor any other personal information, simply the Madison Avenue address of *Vogue*.

Galotti's move to *Vogue*, where he remains, came in March 1994, after he was fired from the top spot at *Vanity Fair*. Legend has it that his dismissal came after he had his red Ferrari flown out to Denver on the company dime, though a more likely scenario is that he clashed with S.I. Newhouse over the Condé Nast presidency, a job that eventually went to Steve Florio.

At a meeting to announce Galotti's impending arrival at *Vogue*, a number of hardened fashion journalists were seen weeping openly at the prospect. "At least two women bawled when they heard that he was coming to be their

boss," remembered one staff member. Over at *Esquire*, on the other hand, where Galotti had been filling in for a six-week interim, the relieved employees threw a party to celebrate his departure.

Given the sadistic flavor of Galotti's motivational techniques, it's little wonder that *Vogue* employees looked forward to his arrival as they might a visit to a Nazi dentist. One of his more notorious tactics was "The Wailing Wall," a plastic scoreboard posted for everyone to see whether they were black (sales up, on his good side) or red (on his shit list). Hellish as it is for an employee to feel Galotti's wrath, being in his good book is no picnic, either. Once, when an employee suffering from cancer submitted an idea that met Galotti's approval, the ultra-sensitive homunculus exclaimed afterward, "She's really hot today! It must be all that radiation!"

Galotti's unpleasant lack of tact even extends to his personal life. Another former employee recalls an ad-sales meeting during which Galotti shared an intimate scene from his married life with the staff: "Someone said that their stomach was upset and they were gonna throw up. And he said, 'Let me tell you about my story'—he always had one better, right? He was 'going down' on his wife and got sick to his stomach and had to throw up. And how embarrassing that he had to convince his wife that it wasn't her. How could he talk about this?" Well, practice makes perfect. It has always been a point of honor with Galotti that his personal life be a matter of public record.

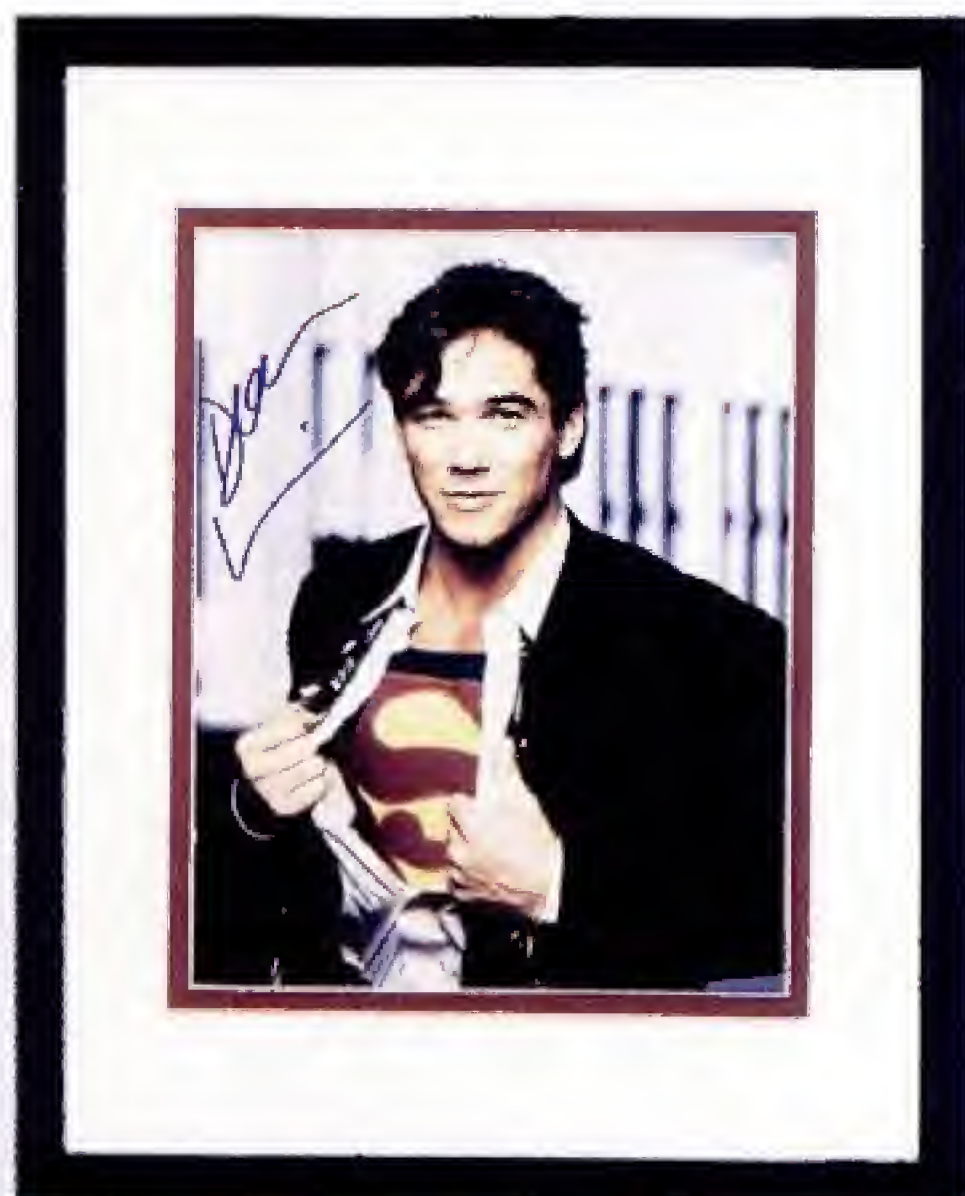
Once married to Donna Kalajian, the superassertive publisher of *Ladies' Home Journal*, and, more recently, of *Cosmopolitan*, Galotti followed his too-good-to-be-true "publishing couple" marriage with a torrid affair with Candace Bushnell, a sometime journalist who might better be described as a "party girl" if she weren't pushing forty. Assumed to have helped secure for Bushnell her contributing editor contract at *Vogue* (she also writes, ironically enough, for *Good Housekeeping*), Galotti soon found himself appearing in her weekly *New York Observer* tell-all column, "Sex and the City," as the recurring character "Mr. Big." The rumor is, however, that "Mr. Big" was an ongoing below-the-belt joke between them.

Every time they would have a fight," recalls a well-known gossip columnist, "it would end up in the *Observer*. I am the nosiest person on this planet, but sometimes even I was like, 'This is more than I want to know.'" In one steamy episode, "Carrie," the Bushnell character, berates her lover by telling him, "You're not as clever as everyone thinks you are." Perhaps stung to the quick by the sweeping truth of Bushnell's insight, perhaps not entirely sure exactly what she was saying, Galotti ended his affair with the superannuated scribe shortly after. ☾

Galotti would even charge into the ladies room to hunt down women cowering tearfully in the stalls.

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Natasja Kinski - \$50
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Jay Leno - \$40
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Alyssa Milano - \$50
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Eddie Murphy - \$75

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Tim Roth - \$45
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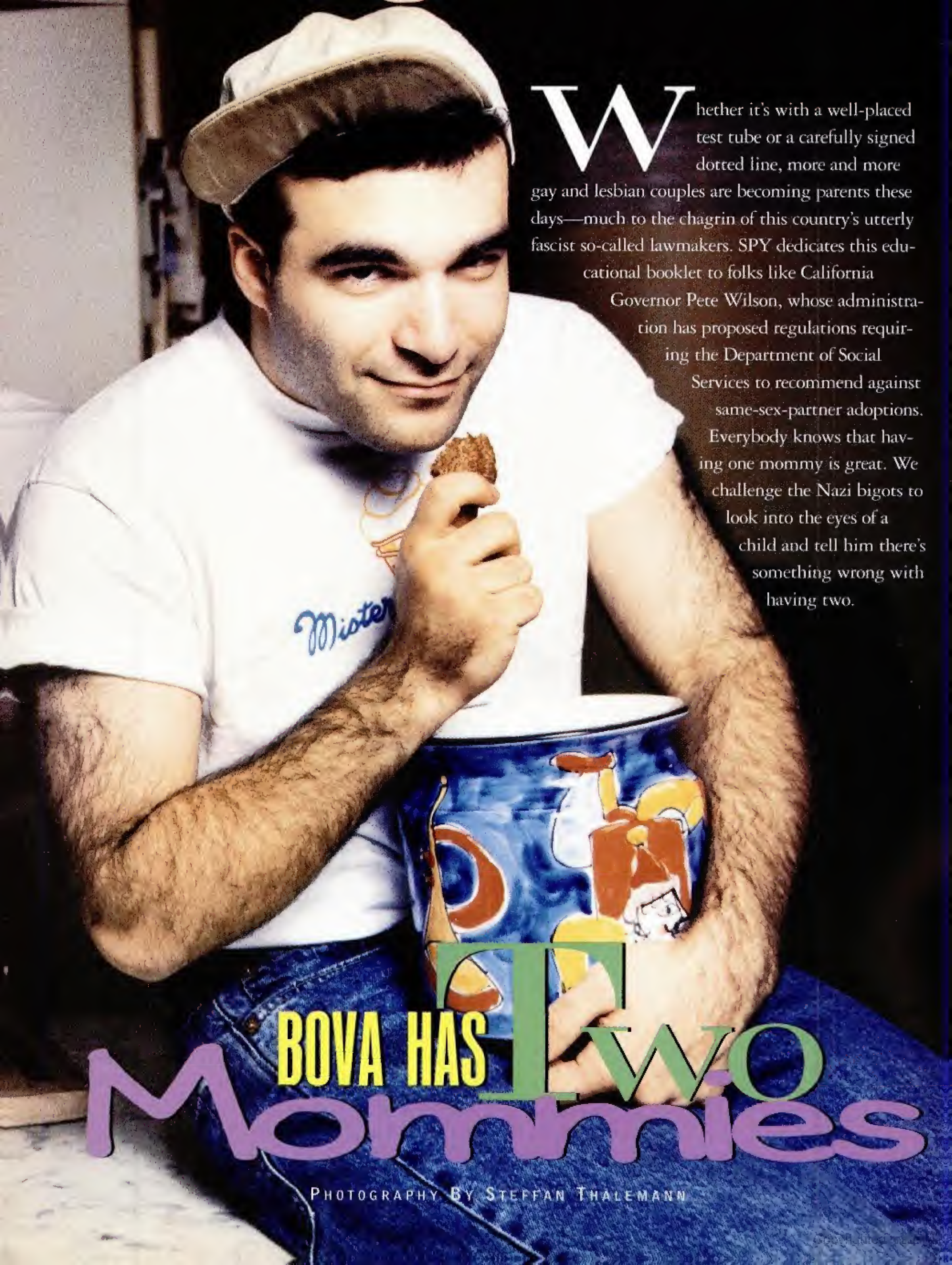
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BOVA HAS **Two** Mommies

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEFFAN THALEMANN



This is Bova, a happy little child. Like most boys and girls, Bova likes to daydream. When he closes his eyes, he travels to strange lands filled with magic people where peculiar things happen....This week, he's a newly adopted Romanian orphan with two pairs of post-Ceausescu underwear in his suitcase. That's especially good because Bova's favorite number is two. Bova has two arms, two legs, and two eyes. These are very important things. Bova notices that lots of important things come in twos. Bova has two shoes, two gloves, two earlobes, and, most importantly...

Let's get it on!

Bova has two mommies: Mama Kate and Mama Allie. If Bova's sleazy friends could see him in his little dreamworld, they would tell him that his adoptive mommies are way prettier than normal women—let alone normal women of the “two mommies” variety. Mama Kate explains to Bova that some men have a very old-fashioned idea of what “mommies” like them are all about. Bova agrees. His friends haven't spent the proper amount of time researching the subject like he has—and all for the low low cost of \$3.95/minute!





Sometimes Bova feels sad. He thinks about the poor children in states like Idaho where mommies can get thrown in jail just for being like Bova's mommies (lesbians). He knows that mommies who go to jail can still end up having fun—like in that movie *Escape from Alca-ass* that he used to have on tape—but their children must feel very lonely! "Don't be too sad, little one," says Mama Kate. "In Hawaii, mommies may soon be able to get legally married!" Elated, Bova tosses away his collection of extra-small potatoes and prepares to get laid.

kick me one of them slow jams . . .

Weekends mean relaxation for Mama Kate and Mama Allie. Neither of Bova's two mommies, he is surprised to learn, works in a women's shelter or as a girls' lacrosse coach. Mama Kate explains that that sort of thing is just a male stereotype of how "mommies" like to behave. "We don't all like Melissa Etheridge, either," adds Mama Allie as she strums the first few bars of "Come to My Window" on her guitar. Whatever, thinks Bova. "Come to my window!" Bova and his two mommies sing in unison. "I'll be home soon!"



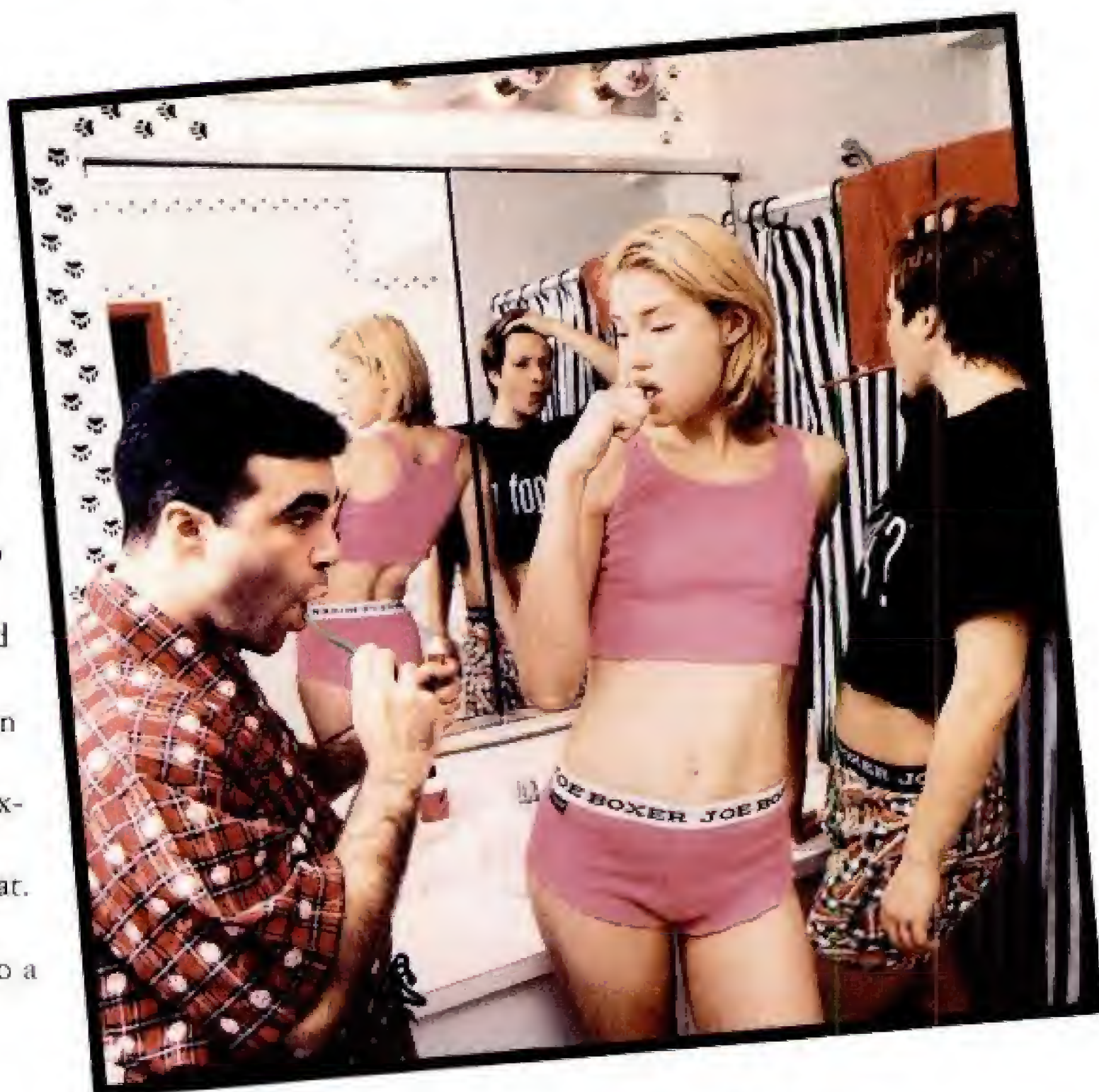


Even in his fantasy world Bova has to go to Sunday School. Mama Kate and Mama Allie

clean the apartment so it'll be nice and tidy when he comes home to mess it up again. Today, a woman comes to talk with his class about "alternative families." She says that families that have two mommies are just the same as families with one mommy and one daddy. There is nothing strange or "kinky" about them. Bovie gets really mad and throws a sharpened pencil at her. "My mommies are freaks!" he cries. It takes three janitors to haul him away.

choking for it!

Like a normal member of any normal family, Bova sometimes feels frustrated and impatient with the way his life is progressing—specifically the time it takes for obviously inevitable "scenarios" to play themselves out. Mama Allie is always there to talk to Bova when he starts to feel that sadness. "What did you expect?" she asks him. "We are two women in love with one another, after all." Bova's not sure exactly what Mama Allie's point is when she says that. Isn't there enough of that love to spread around to a growing boy?



Bova always enjoys helping Mama Kate and Mama Allie with the cooking. He especially likes watching them scrub the vegetables and grate the cheese. Yes, quality time with his mommies is great, but the quality standards are not quite meeting Bovie's stringent "Rompus Regulations." He's sure that Mama Kate and Mama Allie have sex, but they never ask him to join in, much less let him watch. All they do is make innuendos and tease. "When does the cool shit kick in?" Bovie asks God.



menage a cut-de-sac . . .



The good times keep rolling for Bova and his two mommies. What a happy normal family they are! Sometimes—often, in fact—Bova worries that they might be *too* normal, and starts to get this weird feeling. Whose fantasy *is* this, he finds himself wondering. The puppy's? No, no, wait. Bova gets his head together and reflects on all the things he's read about lesbians being "immoral" and "wicked." He looks back at the tiny puppy and smiles. "Mommy and Mommy must be into some really wild stuff!"

As a pathetic last-ditch effort to make his home a truly happy one, Bova sets up camp and pitches a tent in his mommies' boudoir with a bottle of Boone's Farm Wine. But when they get home, one of Bova's mommies—he can't quite see which one—explains to him that perhaps this absurd fantasy has gone on long enough. Lesbians do not, contrary to popular belief, have sex with men, let alone their adopted children—which might come as a surprise to Pat Robertson. But what about Bova's collection of videos? Lies, his mommie explains to him. All lies.



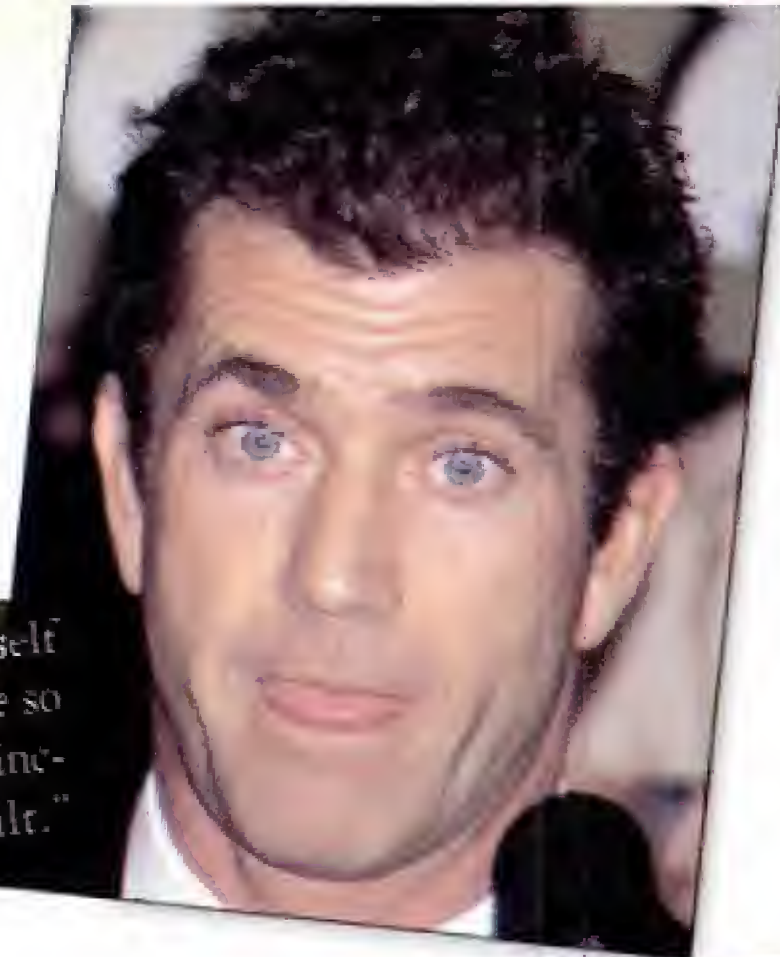
fly away, little bird . . .

Bova's mommies explain to him that we were all born different. Just like some of us were born to be mommies, and some to be daddies, some of us were *not* born with the requisite sensitivity to execute relatively sophisticated, dangerously-close-to-being-extremely-offensive satires of the crass and simplistic way men view lesbians. "Why don't you take your 'wine' and get back to boozing in front of your very-nearly unscrambled porno channel, you hairy freak?" asks one of Bova's mommies. After everything he's been through recently, Bova's not sure he has an answer to that one!



Party Poop

Short actor **Mel Gibson** drives himself insane trying to figure out how someone so homophobic can spend so much time mincing around in a woman's skirt, or "kilt."



Former "NYPD Nude" policewoman **Carol Shaya** gets slipped the ol' crazy-glue cigar, courtesy of a passing wag. Guess there's a sucker born every minute, huh Carol?

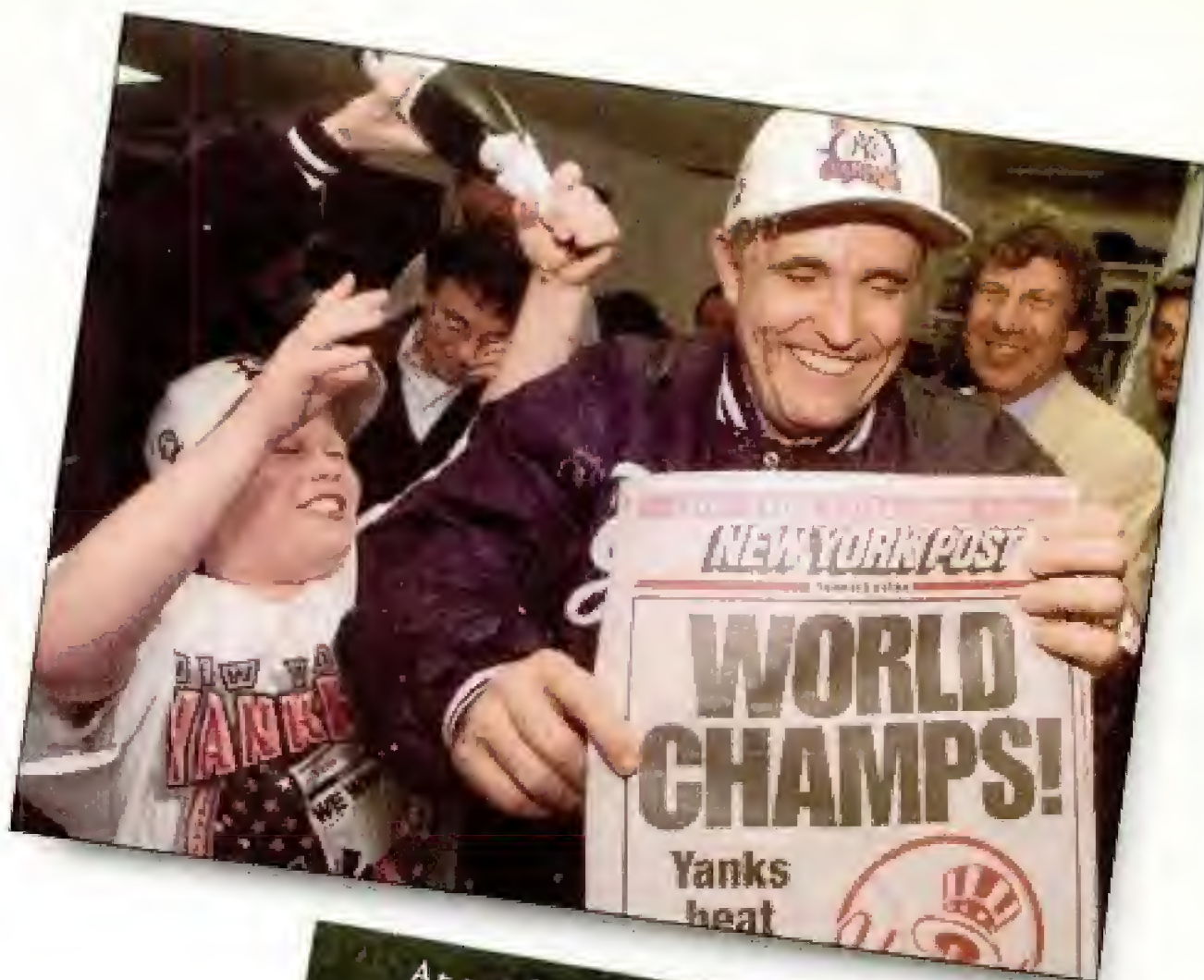
Known for her work with the elderly, big-boned heiress **Anna Nicole Smith** sneaks Milton Berle into a movie theater under her shapeless blue surgical smock.



Bipedal gold-medalist **Gail Devers** uses the oldest excuse in the book to get out of helping Michael Johnson unjam the zipper of his sweaty spandex singlet.



After toasting her singlehood with a plate of rigatoni, forward-thinking NFL historian **Paula Barbieri** saves the coroner some time by prepping herself for autopsy.



At a police officer's funeral, mayoral tyke **Andrew Giuliani**, egged on by mourners, finally decides to do something about his father's embarrassing World Series fever.



"That's the last time we hire a limo with its own barbecue pit!" grumbles hairy songbird **Luciano Pavarotti**. "I went in a tenor, and now I'm a twelver at least!"



German megastar **David Hasselhoff** and millionaire typist **Joan Collins** discuss their impending remake of *Animal Farm*. He's playing a dairy farmer...and she's a dirty old cow!

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EVERY DAY AT PRECISELY NOON, a rickety Russian airliner begins an uncertain descent toward a tiny strip of concrete outside the city of Djibouti. It is the hottest hour of the day, but that isn't the only reason the hordes of Djiboutians looking up at the plane are sweating.

The women in their bright red and orange saris waiting for the plane to disgorge its cargo need help, as do their menfolk lined up outside the airport's wooden gates. Djibouti's leaders spend most of their energy aggressively petitioning other countries for aid. But there are no medical supplies on the plane, no wheat, no clothes, no tractor tires. What there is, rather, is a chewable narcotic, notorious during the American invasion of Somalia for the murderous pre-dawn exuberance of the native rebels: the chewable leaf called khat. And when the plane leaves, it will do so with one third of the country's daily money supply in its cavernous hold.

EVEN THE MOST aggressive cultural relativist has to admit that the world has its problem-countries. There are countries where corruption rules the roost, like Nigeria or Brazil. There are countries that obnoxiously throw their weight around, like Iraq and the United States of America. There are even a few countries (who shall go nameless) that are so thoroughly sodden with poverty, disease, violence, and horror that they should by rights not merely be colored black on maps of the world, but done so with a specially engineered, foul-smelling paint. The nation of Djibouti, however, a teensy East African backwater wedged be-

tween Ethiopia, Somalia, and the Red Sea, is none of the above. Djibouti's problem is that, as a country, it's stoned.

Khat—also known as Qat, Kat, Chat, Kus-es-Salahin, Mirra, Tohai, Tschat, Catha, Quat, Abyssinian Tea, African Salad, and, in several small New England liberal-arts colleges, as "The Lady"—grows on trees and acts a lot like cocaine. It has been used since antiquity by the people of northern Africa as a recreational drug, as a motivational stimulant and, simultaneously in each case, as gum. American scientists have ob-

served that khat produces a feeling of exaltation, of being liberated from space and time, extreme loquacity, inane laughing, sleeplessness, two known types of psychotic reaction, and—this is when you know it's time to stop—semicoma. Khat is obviously a useful substance to have coursing through one's bloodstream if you and some friends want to go joyriding with a few dead Americans hitched to the back of your jeep. But one thing it does not stimulate is the building of complex, smoothly running infrastructures that deliver to a nation full of people the necessities of life. This requires more gentle stimulants. Like golf.

THE OTHER problem for the country's khat-fanciers is that Djibouti's appalling climate has rendered its soil about as fertile as the parquet floor of a high-school gymnasium. Nestled as the country is at the arid bottom of Africa's Rift Valley, even the shores of Djibouti's lakes are made of rock-hard crystalline salt, and depending on the month, the humidity fluctuates between 100% and zero without any perceptible intermediate stages.

As khat is a high-maintenance commodity—it loses its effect 48 hours after being harvested—Djibouti has little choice but to import its national fix via the Russian airliner that



lands each day full of produce from khat-rich Ethiopia. Though that one flight accounts for a major portion of Djibouti's foreign trade and its balance of payments, the World Bank refuses to acknowledge the dent it makes in the country's national income and expenditure figures. But Djibouti isn't pushing the issue since a lower GNP means more money in aid.

Aid is everything to Djibouti. It maintains a diverse and flexible portfolio of allegiances, and has applied at various times for membership in the Francophone Alliance, the League of Arab States, the Organization of Islamic Countries, the Organization of African Unity, and—reportedly as part of a three-week package deal put together by a local travel agent—temporary membership in the United Nations Security Council. All in an attempt to get lobbed a few extra dollars from the outside world.

One French diplomat recalls the Djiboutian sojourn at the U.N. with some amusement: "We held up the next aid check until they wrote to the President of the Security Council asking to change their vote." This was, perhaps, all Djibouti could expect after years of inexplicable French support; for even when it became fashionable to renounce one's colonies, the French doggedly hung on to Djibouti until 1977. And when Somalis threatened to take over, the French riled Djibouti's nomadic Afar people to protect their sovereignty. The Afars responded with enthusiasm, and soon could commonly be seen sporting necklaces made out of their Somali enemies' dried testicles. Even to the snail- and frog-eating French, the practice seemed evidence that Djibouti might not yet be ready for international prime time.

Much the same thing happened when Djibouti approached the Gulf Arab States for a credit line. The Arabs don't really buy that the Djiboutians are Arabs, but in the interests of general Muslimness, they came through with the cash—but made the government close down all the bars in the downtown red-light district in return. This, it turned out, was stretching the Djiboutian version of Islam a little too

far, expensive booze and prostitution being a major source of foreign currency. Crisis was finally averted when a minor bureaucrat noticed a loophole in the stern Muslim provisions, and soon each of the outlawed bars was re-opened as a restaurant, serving the same heady drinks and the same cut-rate girls to the same diffident, *c'est-la-vie*-muttering French military customers. No one was about to complain simply because there was suddenly an occasional bowl of nuts to be found on the bar.

AND THEN ONE DAY, the khat-plane stopped coming. Faced with a budget crisis in 1995, octogenarian President Hassan Aptidon slashed the salaries of all government employees. With the exception of camel-herders, bar-owners, and prostitutes, that meant everyone. A massive strike ensued, and the khat-happy Djiboutian in the street realized that he missed his air-traffic controller more than he missed his policeman, his teacher, or even his periwigged parliamentarian—because of aviation's role in the steady khat supply. Fearing the catastrophic political consequences of an entire country cold-turkeying as one, scabs were hired to keep the drugs coming in. To show how sorry it was, the government flew in double rations to make everyone happy and things were back to normal.

The only oblique advantage to Djibouti of its citizens' khat-fixation is that it helps support a thriving prostitution industry. Insomniac khat chewers and military visitors while away the small hours in the city's red-light district, where young ladies of the night, themselves chewing khat, work up a thirst that can best be quenched by bumming beers from men at the bar. It is, however, estimated that a quarter of these hookers are HIV-positive and most of them refuse to use condoms. Their plight is made even more tragic by the fact that most of these women *chose* to come to Djibouti because the relative awfulness of their war-torn home countries made the grass in Djibouti seem a little greener. Little did they know, however, that they'd actually end up chewing the stuff.—*Ian Williams*

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*Time 12/1/86, Newsweek 1/12/87

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Page 22: Bill Davila/Retna Ltd. (Bono), Steve Granitz/Retna Ltd. (Williams, Reddenbacher), Andrea Renault/Globe Photos (Letterman, Dole), Ewing Galloway (Bogart), Globe Photos (Perdue), Patsy Lynch/AP Wide World Photos (Perot), AP/Wide World Photos (Lincoln), Rafy/Photofest (O'Donnell)

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Page 35: Popperfoto/Archive Photos (Lewis), Archive Photos (Vicious/Spungen)

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Page 42-49: Backgrounds—Tony Stone Images

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Page 46: Joel Rogers

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Page 49: Mark Lewis

Page 42-49 Models: Johann Urb, Siew Longhorn/Boss Model Management Worldwide, page 49: Hilton Dionet (muscle man)

Page 51: FPG International (body), Tannenbaum/Sygma (head)

Page 53: Ewing Galloway (body)

Page 62: David Albiaw/Rex USA (Smith), David Allocca/DMI (Gibson), Steve Azzara (Shaya), Kelly Jordan/Ron Galella Ltd. (Devers)

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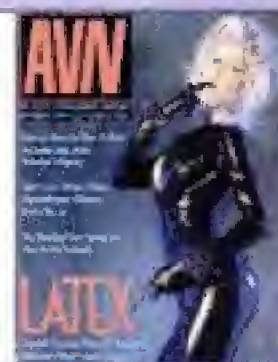
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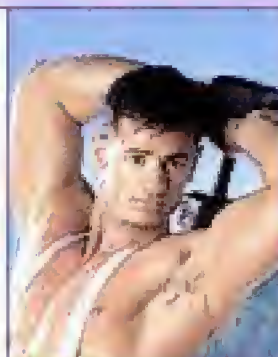
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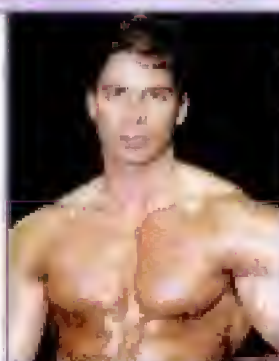
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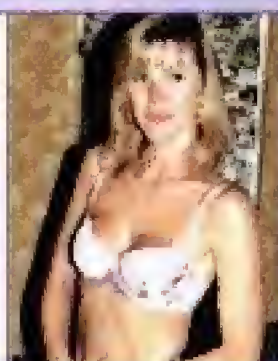
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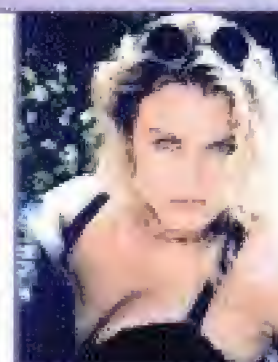
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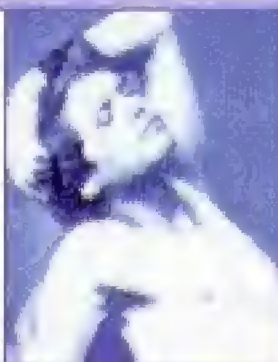
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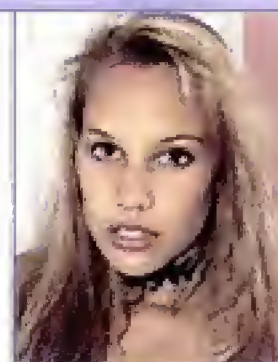
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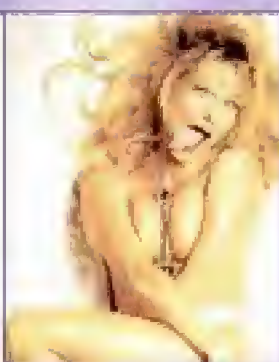
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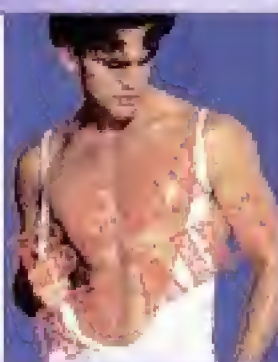
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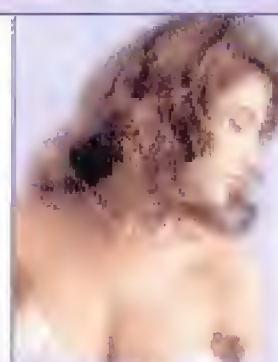
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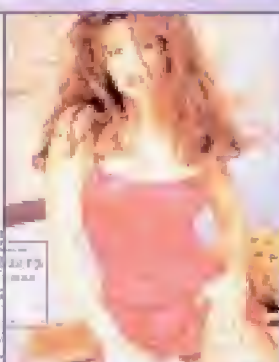
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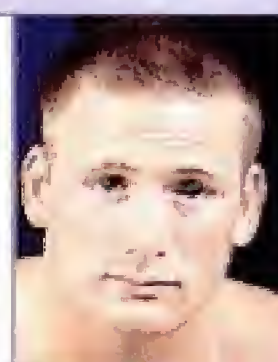
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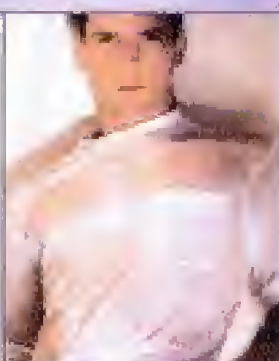
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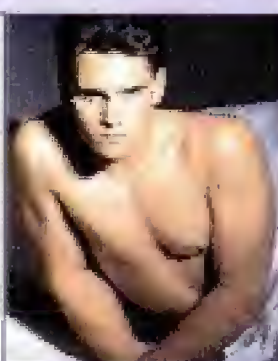
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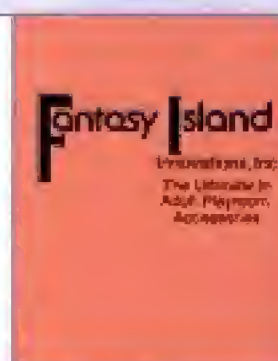
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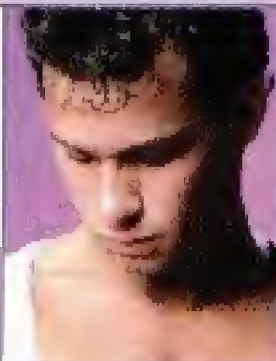


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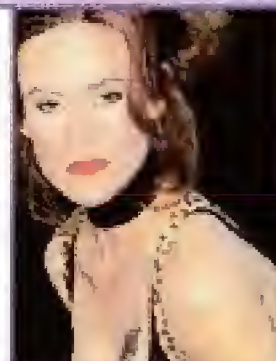
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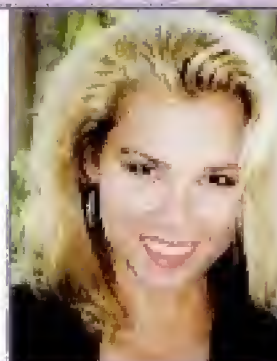
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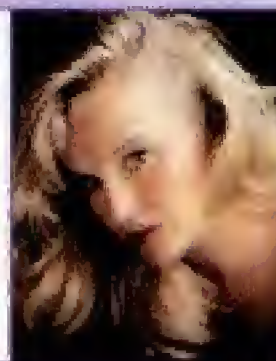
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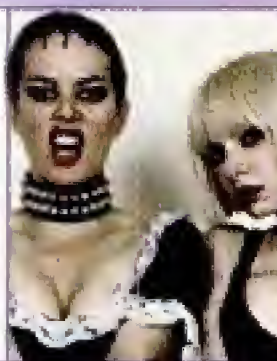
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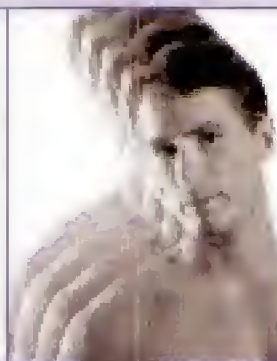
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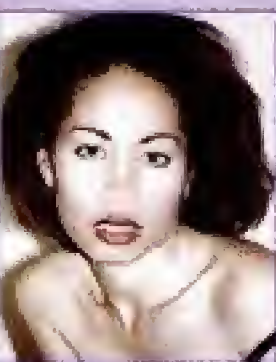
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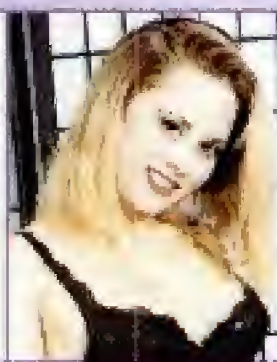
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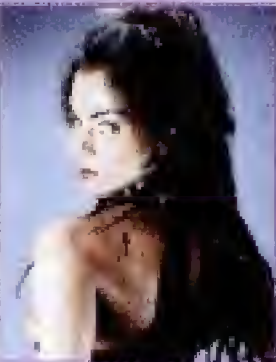
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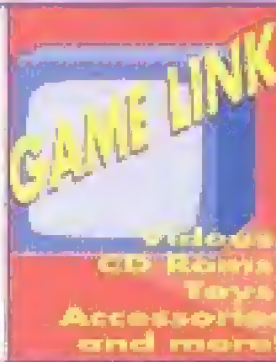
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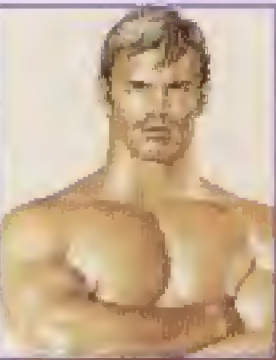
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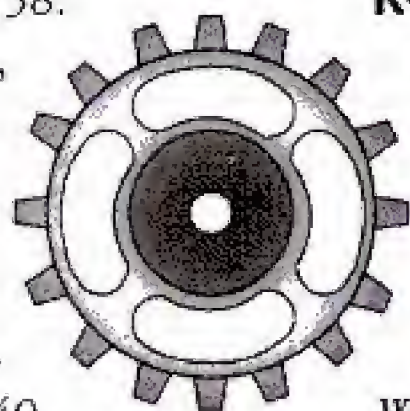
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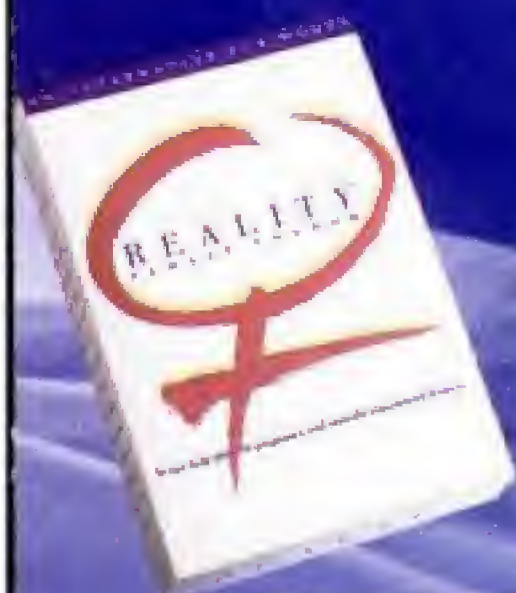
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MOVED.**

...and so did their
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